

# MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

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## THE WIZARD'S SON.

### CHAPTER I.

THE Methvens occupied a little house in the outskirts of a little town where there was not very much going on of any description, and still less which they could take any share in, being, as they were, poor and unable to make any effective response to the civilities shown to them. The family consisted of three persons—the mother, who was a widow with one son; the son himself, who was a young man of three or four and twenty; and a distant cousin of Mrs. Methven's, who lived with her, having no other home. It was not a very happy household. The mother had a limited income and an anxious temper; the son a somewhat volatile and indolent disposition, and no ambition at all as to his future, nor anxiety as to what was going to happen to him in life. This, as may be supposed, was enough to introduce many uneasy elements into their joint existence; and the third of the party, Miss Merivale, was not of the class of the peacemakers to whom Scripture allots a special blessing. She had no amiable glamour in her eyes, but saw her friends' imperfections with a clearness of sight which is little conducive to that happy progress of affairs which is called "getting on." The Methvens were sufficiently proud to keep their difficulties out of the public eye, but on very many occasions, unfortunately,

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it had become very plain to themselves that they did not "get on." It was not any want of love. Mrs. Methven was herself aware, and her friends were in the constant habit of saying, that she had sacrificed everything for Walter. Injudicious friends are fond of making such statements, by way, it is to be supposed, of increasing the devotion and gratitude of the child to the parent: but the result is, unfortunately, very often the exact contrary of what is desired—for no one likes to have his duty in this respect pointed out to him, and whatever good people may think, it is not in itself an agreeable thought that "sacrifices" have been made for one, and an obligation placed upon one's shoulders from the beginning of time, independent of any wish or claim upon the part of the person served. The makers of sacrifices have seldom the reward which surrounding spectators, and in many cases themselves, think their due. Mrs. Methven herself would probably have been at a loss to name what were the special sacrifices she had made for Walter. She had remained a widow, but that she would have been eager to add was no sacrifice. She had pinched herself more or less to find the means for his education, which had been of what is supposed in England to be the best kind: and she had, while he was a boy, subordinated her own tastes and pleasures to his, and eagerly

sought out everything that was likely to be agreeable to him. When they took their yearly holiday—as it is considered necessary now to do—places that Walter liked, or where he could find amusement, or had friends, were eagerly sought for. “Women,” Mrs. Methven said, “can make themselves comfortable anywhere; but a boy, you know, is quite different.” “Quite,” Miss Merivale would say: “Oh, if you only knew them as well as we do; they are creatures entirely without resources. You must put their toys into their very hands.” “There is no question of toys with Walter—he has plenty of resources. It is not that,” Mrs. Methven would explain, growing red. “I hope I am not one of the silly mothers that thrust their children upon everybody: but, of course, a boy must be considered. Everybody who has had to do with men—or boys—knows that they must be considered.” A woman whose life has been mixed up with these troublesome beings feels the superiority of her experience to those who know nothing about them. And in this way, without spoiling him or treating him with ridiculous devotion, as the king of her fate, Walter had been “considered” all his life.

For the rest, Mrs. Methven had, it must be allowed, lived a much more agreeable life in the little society of Sloebury when her son was young than she did now that he had come to years, mis-named, of discretion. Then she had given her little tea-parties, or even a small occasional dinner, at which her handsome boy would make his appearance when it was holiday time, interesting everybody; or, when absent, would still furnish a very pleasant subject of talk to the neighbours, who thought his mother did a great deal too much for him, but still were pleased to discuss a boy who was having the best of educations, and at a public school. In those days she felt herself very comfortable in Sloebury, and was asked to all the best houses, and felt a modest pride in the certainty that she was able to offer some-

thing in return. But matters were very different when Walter was four and twenty instead of fourteen. By that time it was apparent that he was not going to take the world by storm, or set the Thames on fire; and, though she had been too sensible to brag, Mrs. Methven had thought both these things possible, and perhaps had allowed it to be perceived that she considered something great, something out of the way, to be Walter's certain career. But twenty-four is, as she said herself, so different! He had been unsuccessful in some of his examinations, and for others he had not been “properly prepared.” His mother did not take refuge in the thought that the examiners were partial or the trials unfair; but there was naturally always a word as to the reason why he did not succeed—he had not been “properly prepared.” He knew of one only a few days before the eventful moment, and at this time of day, she asked indignantly, when everything is got by competition, how is a young man who has not “crammed” to get the better of one who has? The fact remained that at twenty-four, Walter, evidently a clever fellow, with a great many endowments, had got nothing to do; and, what was worse—a thing which his mother, indeed, pretended to be unconscious of, but which everybody else in the town remarked upon—he was not in the least concerned about this fact, but took his doing nothing quite calmly as the course of nature, and neither suffered from it, nor made any effort to place himself in a different position. He “went in for” an examination when it was put before him as a thing to do, and took his failure more than philosophically when he failed, as, as yet, he had always done: and, in the meantime, contentedly lived on, without disturbing himself, and tranquilly let the time go by—the golden time which should have shaped his life.

This is not a state of affairs which can bring happiness to any household. There is a kind of parent—or rather it

should be said of a mother, for no parent of the other sex is supposed capable of so much folly—to whom everything is good that her child, the cherished object of her affections, does; and this is a most happy regulation of nature, and smoothes away the greatest difficulties of life for many simple-hearted folk, without doing half so much harm as is attributed to it; for disapproval has little moral effect, and lessens the happiness of all parties, without materially lessening the sins of the erring. But, unfortunately, Mrs. Methven was not of this happy kind. She saw her son's faults almost too clearly, and they gave her the most poignant pain. She was a proud woman, and that he should suffer in the opinion of the world was misery and grief to her. She was stung to the heart by disappointment in the failure of her many hopes and projects for him. She was stricken with shame to think of all the fine things that had been predicted of Walter in his boyish days, and that not one of them had come true. People had ceased now to speak of the great things that Walter would do. They asked "*What* was he going to do?" in an entirely altered tone, and this went to her heart. Her pride suffered the most terrible blow. She could not bear the thought; and though she maintained a calm face to the world, and represented herself as entirely satisfied, Walter knew otherwise, and had gradually replaced his old careless affection for his mother by an embittered opposition and resistance to her, which made both their lives wretched enough. How it was that he did not make an effort to escape from her continual remonstrances, her appeals and entreaties, her censure and criticism, it is very difficult to tell. To have gone away, and torn her heart with anxiety, but emancipated himself from a yoke which it was against the dignity of his manhood to bear, would have been much more natural. But he had no money, and he had not the energy to seize upon

any way of providing for himself. Had such an opportunity fallen at his feet he would probably have accepted it with fervour; but Fortune did not put herself out of the way to provide for him, nor he to be provided for. Notwithstanding the many scenes which took place in the seclusion of that poor little house, when the mother, what with love, shame, mortification, and impatience, would all but rave in impotent passion, appealing to him, to the pride, the ambition, the principle which so far as could be seen the young man did not possess, Walter held upon his way with an obstinate pertinacity, and did nothing. How he managed to do this without losing all self-respect and every better feeling it is impossible to say; but he did so somehow, and was still "a nice enough fellow," notwithstanding that everybody condemned him; and had not even lost the good opinion of the little society, though it was unanimous in blame. The only way in which he responded to his mother's remonstrances and complaints was by seeking his pleasure and such occupation as contented him—which was a little cricket now and then, a little lawn-tennis, a little flirtation—as far away from her as possible; and by being as little at home as possible. His temper was a little spoiled by the scenes which awaited him when he went home; and these seemed to justify to himself his gradual separation from his mother's house: but never induced him to sacrifice, or even modify, his own course. He appeared to think that he had a justification for his conduct in the opposition it met with; and that his pride was involved in the necessity for never giving in. If he had been let alone, he represented to himself, everything would have been different; but to yield to this perpetual bullying was against every instinct. And even the society which disapproved so much gave a certain encouragement to Walter in this point of view: for it was Mrs. Methven whom everybody blamed. It

was her ridiculous pride, or her foolish indulgence, or her sinful backing-up of his natural indolence; even some people thought it was her want of comprehension of her son which had done it, and that Walter would have been entirely a different person in different hands. If she had not thought it a fine thing to have him appear as a useless fine gentleman above all necessity of working for his living, it was incredible that he could have allowed the years to steal by without making any exertion. This was what the town decided, not without a good deal of sympathy for Walter. What could be expected? Under the guidance of a foolish mother, a young man always went wrong; and in this case he did not go wrong, poor fellow! he only wasted his existence, nothing worse. Sloebury had much consideration for the young man.

Perhaps it added something to the exasperation with which Mrs. Methven saw all her efforts fail that she had some perception of this, and knew that it was supposed to be her fault. No doubt in her soul it added to the impatience and indignation and pain with which she contemplated the course of affairs, which she was without strength to combat, yet could not let alone. Now and then, indeed, she did control herself so far as to let them alone, and then there was nothing but tranquillity and peace in the house. But she was a conscientious woman, and, poor soul! she had a temper—the very complacency and calm with which her son went upon his way, the approval he showed of her better conduct when she left him to his own devices, struck her in some moments with such sudden indignation and pain, that she could no longer contain herself. He, who might have been anything he pleased, to be nothing! He, of whom everybody had predicted such great things! At such moments the sight of Walter smiling, strolling along with his hands in his pockets, excited her almost to frenzy. Poor lady! So many women

would have been proud of him—a handsome young fellow in flannels, with his cricket bat or his racquet when occasion served. But love and injured pride were bitter in her heart, and she could not bear the sight. All this while, however, nobody knew anything about the scenes that arose in the little house, which preserved a show of happiness and tender union long after the reality was gone. Indeed, even Miss Merivale, who had unbounded opportunities of knowing, took a long time to make up her mind that Walter and his mother did not “get on.”

Such was the unfortunate state of affairs at the time when this history begins. The Methvens were distantly connected, it was known, with a great family in Scotland, which took no notice whatever of them, and, indeed, had very little reason so to do, Captain Methven being long since dead, and his widow and child entirely unknown to the noble house, from which it was so great an honour to derive a little, much-diluted, far-off drop of blood, more blue and more rich than the common. It is possible that had the connection been by Mrs. Methven's side she would have known more about it, and taken more trouble to keep up her knowledge of the family. But it was not so, and she had even in her younger days been conscious of little slights and neglects which had made her rather hostile than otherwise to the great people from whom her husband came. “I know nothing about the Erradeens,” she would say; “they are much too grand to take any notice of us: and I am too proud to seek any notice from them.”

“I am afraid, my dear, there is a good deal in that,” said old Mrs. Wynn, the wife of the old rector, shaking her white head. This lady was a sort of benign embodiment of justice in Sloebury. She punished nobody, but she saw the right and wrong with a glance that was almost infallible, and shook her head though she never exacted any penalty.



Here Miss Merivale would seize the occasion to strike in—

"Prejudice is prejudice," she said, "whatever form it takes. A lord has just as much chance of being nice as an—apothecary." This was said because the young doctor, newly admitted into his father's business, who thought no little of himself, was within reach, and just then caught Miss Merivale's eye.

"That is a very safe speech, seeing there are neither lords nor apothecaries here," he said with the blandest smile. He was not a man to be beaten at such a game.

"But a lord may have influence, you know. For Walter's sake I would not lose sight of him," said Mrs. Wynn.

"You cannot lose sight of what you have never seen: besides, influence is of no consequence nowadays. Nobody can do anything for you—save yourself," said Mrs. Methven with a little sigh. Her eyes turned involuntarily to where Walter was. He was always in the middle of everything that was going on. Among the Sloebury young people he had a little air of distinction, or so at least his mother thought. She was painfully impartial, and generally, in her anxiety, perceived his bad points rather than his good ones; but as she glanced at the group, love for once allowed itself to speak, though always with an accent peculiar to the character of the thinker. She allowed to herself that he had an air of distinction, a something more than the others—alas, that nothing ever came of it! The others, all, or almost all, were already launched in the world. They were doing or trying to do something—whereas Walter! But she took care that nobody should hear that irrepressible sigh.

"I am very sorry for it," said Mrs. Wynn, "for there are many people who would never push for themselves, and yet do very well indeed when they are put in the way."

"I am all for the pushing people," said Miss Merivale. "I like the new

state of affairs. When every one stands for himself, and you get just as much as you work for, there will be no grudges and sulkings with society. Though I'm a Tory, I like every man to make his own way."

"A lady's politics are never to be calculated upon," said the Rector who was standing up against the fire on his own hearth, rubbing his old white hands. "It is altogether against the principles of Toryism, my dear lady, that a man should make his own way. It is sheer democracy. As for that method of examinations, it is one of the most levelling principles of the time—it is one of Mr. Gladstone's instruments for the destruction of society. When the son of a cobbler is just as likely to come to high command as your son or mine, what is to become of the country?" the old clergyman said, lifting those thin white hands.

Mr. Gladstone's name was as a fire-brand thrown into the midst of this peaceable little country community. The speakers all took fire. They thought that there was no doubt about what was going to come of the country. It was going to destruction as fast as fate could carry it. When society had dropped to pieces, and the rabble had come uppermost, and England had become a mere name, upon which all foreign nations should trample, and wild Irishmen dance war dances, and Americans expectorate, then Mr. Gladstone would be seen in his true colours. While this was going on, old Mrs. Wynn sat in her easy-chair and shook her head. She declared always that she was no politician. And young Walter Methven, attracted by the sudden quickening of the conversation which naturally attended the introduction of this subject, came forward, ready in the vein of opposition which was always his favourite attitude.

"Mr. Gladstone must be a very great man," he said. "I hear it is a sign of being in society when you foam at the mouth at the sound of his name."

"You young fellows think it fine

to be on the popular side; but wait till you are my age," cried one of the eager speakers. "It will not matter much to me. There will be peace in my days." "But wait," cried another, "and see how you will like it when everything topples down together, the crown and the state, and the aristocracy, and public credit, and national honour, and property and the constitution, and——"

So many anxious and alarmed politicians here spoke together that the general voice became inarticulate, and Walter Methven, representing the opposition, was at liberty to laugh.

"Come one, come all!" he cried, backed up by the arm of the sofa, upon which Mrs. Wynn sat shaking her head. "It would be a fine thing for me and all the other proletarians. Something would surely fall our way."

His mother watched him, standing up against the sofa, confronting them all, with her usual exasperated and angry affection. She thought, as she looked at him, that there was nothing he was not fit for. He was clever enough for Parliament; he might have been prime minister—but he was nothing! nothing, and likely to be nothing, doing nothing, desiring nothing. Her eye fell on young Wynn, the rector's nephew, who had just got a fellowship at his college, and on the doctor's son who was just entering into a share of his father's practice, and on Mr. Jeremy the young banker, whose attentions fluttered any maiden to whom he might address them. They were Walter's contemporaries, and not one of them was worthy, she thought, to be seen by the side of her boy; but they had all got before him in the race of life. They were something and he was nothing. It was not much wonder if her heart was sore and angry. When she turned round to listen civilly to something that was said to her, her face was contracted and pale. It was more than she could bear. She made a move to go away before any of the party was ready, and disturbed Miss Merivale in the

midst of a *tête-à-tête* which was a thing not easily forgiven.

Walter walked home with them in great good humour, but his mother knew very well that he was not coming in. He was going to finish the evening elsewhere. If he had come in would she have been able to restrain herself? Would she not have fallen upon him, either in anger or in grief, holding up to him the examples of young Wynn and young Jeremy and the little doctor? She knew she would not have been able to refrain, and it was almost a relief to her, though it was another pang, when he turned away at the door.

"I want to speak to Underwood about to-morrow," he said.

"What is there about to-morrow? Of all the people in Sloebury Captain Underwood is the one I like least," she said. "Why must you always have something to say to him when every one else is going to bed?"

"I am not going to bed, nor is he," said Walter lightly.

Mrs. Methven's nerves were highly strung. Miss Merivale had passed in before them, and there was nobody to witness this little struggle which she knew would end in nothing, but which was inevitable. She grasped him by the arm in her eagerness and pain.

"Oh, my boy!" she said, "come in, come in, and think of something more than the amusement of to-morrow. Life is not all play, though you seem to think so. For once listen to me, Walter—oh, listen to me! You cannot go on like this. Think of all the others; all at work, every one of them, and you doing nothing."

"Do you want me to begin to do something now," said Walter, "when you have just told me everybody was going to bed?"

"Oh! if I were you," she cried in her excitement, "I would rest neither night nor day. I would not let it be said that I was the last, and every one of them before me."

Walter shook himself free of her

detaining hold. "Am I to be a dustman, or a scavenger, or—what?" he said, contemptuously. "I know no other trades that are followed at this hour."

Mrs. Methven had reached the point at which a woman has much ado not to cry in the sense of impotence and exasperation which such an argument brings. "It is better to do anything than to do nothing," she cried, turning away from him and hastening in at the open door.

He paused a moment, as if doubtful what to do; there was something in her hasty withdrawal which for an instant disposed him to follow, and she paused breathless, with a kind of hope, in the half-light of the little hall; but the next moment his footsteps sounded clear and quick on the pavement, going away. Mrs. Methven waited until they were almost out of hearing before she closed the door. Angry, baffled, helpless, what could she do? She wiped a hot tear from the corner of her eye before she went into the drawing-room, where her companion, always on the alert, had already turned up the light of the lamp, throwing an undesired illumination upon her face, flushed and troubled from this brief controversy.

"I thought you were never coming in," said Miss Merivale, "and that open door sends a draught all through the house."

"Walter detained me for a moment to explain some arrangements he has to make for to-morrow," Mrs. Methven said with dignity. "He likes to keep me *au courant* of his proceedings."

Miss Merivale was absolutely silenced by his sublime assumption, notwithstanding the flush of resentment, the gimmer of moisture in the mother's eye.

## CHAPTER II.

WALTER walked along the quiet, almost deserted street with a hasty step and a still hastier rush of disagreeable thoughts. There was, he

felt, an advantage in being angry, in the sensation of indignant resistance to a petty tyranny. For a long time past he had taken refuge in this from every touch of conscience and sense of time lost and opportunities neglected. He was no genius, but he was not so dull as not to know that his life was an entirely unsatisfactory one, and himself in the wrong altogether; everything rotten in the state of his existence, and a great deal that must be set right one time or another in all his habits and ways. The misfortune was that it was so much easier to put off this process till to-morrow than to begin it to-day. He had never been roused out of the boyish condition of mind in which a certain resistance to authority was natural, and opposition to maternal rule and law a sort of proof of superiority and independence. Had this been put into words, and placed before him as the motive of much that he did, no one would have coloured more angrily or resented more hotly the suggestion; and yet in the bottom of his heart he would have known it to be true. All through his unoccupied days he carried with him the sense of folly, the consciousness that he could not justify to himself the course he was pursuing. The daily necessity of justifying it to another was almost the sole thing that silenced his conscience. His mother, who kept "nagging" day after day, who was never satisfied, whose appeals he sometimes thought theatrical, and her passion got up, was his sole defence against that self-dissatisfaction which is the severest of all criticisms. If she would but let him alone, leave him to his own initiative, and not perpetually endeavour to force a change which to be effectual, as all authorities agreed, must come of itself! He was quite conscious of the inadequacy of this argument, and in his heart felt that it was a poor thing to take advantage of it; but yet, on the surface of his mind, put it forward and made a bulwark of it against his own con-

science. He did so now as he hurried along, in all the heat that follows a personal encounter. If she would but let him alone! But he could not move a step anywhere, could not make an engagement, could not step into a friend's rooms, as he was going to do now, without her interference. The relations of a parent to an only child are not the same as those that exist between a father and mother and the different members of a large family. It has been usual to consider them in one particular light as implying the closest union and mutual devotion. But there is another point of view in which to consider the question. They are so near to each other, and the relationship so close, that there is a possibility of opposition and contrariety more trying, more absorbing, than any other except that between husband and wife. A young son does not always see the necessity of devotion to a mother who is not very old, who has still many sources of pleasure apart from himself, and who is not capable, perhaps, on her side, of the indiscriminating worship which is grandmotherly, and implies a certain weakness and dimness of perception in the fond eyes that see everything in a rosy, ideal light. This fond delusion is often in its way a moral agent, obliging the object of it to fulfil what is expected of him, and reward the full and perfect trust which is given so unhesitatingly. But in this case it was not possible. The young man thought, or persuaded himself, that his mother's vexatious watch over him, and what he called her constant suspicion and doubt of him, had given him a reason for the disgust and impatience with which he turned from her control. He pictured to himself the difference which a father's larger, more generous sway would have made in him; to that he would have answered, he thought, like a ship to its helm, like an army to its general. But this petty rule, this perpetual fault-finding, raised up every faculty in opposition. Even when he

meant the best, her words of warning, her reminders of duty, were enough to set him all wrong again. He thought, as a bad husband often thinks when he is conscious of the world's disapproval, that it was her complaints that were the cause. And when he was reminded by others, well-meaning but injudicious, of all he owed to his mother, his mind rose yet more strongly in opposition, his spirit refused the claim. This is a very different picture from that of the widow's son whose earliest inspiration is his sense of duty to his mother, and adoring gratitude for her care and love—but it is perhaps as true a one. A young man may be placed in an unfair position by the excessive claim made upon his heart and conscience in this way, and so Walter felt it. He might have given all that, and more, if nothing had been asked of him; but when he was expected to feel so much, he felt himself half justified in feeling nothing. Thus the situation had become one of strained and continual opposition. It was a kind of duel, in which the younger combatant at least—the assailed person, whose free-will and independence were hampered by such perpetual requirements—never yielded a step. The other might do so, by turns throwing up her arms altogether, but not he.

It was with this feeling strong in his mind, and affecting his temper as nothing else does to such a degree, that he hastened along the street towards the rooms occupied by Captain Underwood, a personage whom the ladies of Sloebury were unanimous in disliking. Nobody knew exactly where it was that he got his military title. He did not belong to any regiment in her Majesty's service. He had not even the humble claim of a militia officer; yet nobody dared say that there was anything fictitious about him, or stigmatise the Captain as an impostor. Other captains and colonels and men-at-arms of undoubted character supported his claims; he belonged to one or two well-known

clubs. An angry woman would sometimes fling an insult at him when her husband or son came home penniless after an evening in his company, wondering what they could see in an underbred fellow who was no more a captain (she would say in her wrath) than she was; but of these assertions there was no proof, and the vehemence of them naturally made the Captain's partisans more and more eager in his favour. He had not been above six months in Sloebury, but everybody knew him. There was scarcely an evening in which half-a-dozen men did not congregate in his rooms, drawn together by that strange attraction which makes people meet who do not care in the least for each other's company, nor have anything to say to each other, yet are possibly less vacant in society than when alone, or find the murmur of many voices, the smoke of many cigars, exhilarating and agreeable. It was not every evening that the cards were produced. The Captain was wary; he frightened nobody; he did not wish to give occasion to the tremors of the ladies, whom he would have conciliated even, if he had been able; but there are men against whom the instinct of all women rises, as there are women from whom all men turn. It was only now and then that he permitted play. He spoke indeed strongly against it on many occasions. "What do you want with cards?" he would say. "A good cigar and a friend to talk to ought to be enough for any man." But twice or thrice in a week his scruples would give way. He was a tall, well-formed man, of an uncertain age, with burning hazel eyes, and a scar on his forehead got in that mysterious service to which now and then he made allusion, and which his friends concluded must have been in some foreign legion, or with Garibaldi, or some other irregular warfare. There were some who thought him a man, old for his age, of thirty-five, and some who, concluding him young for his

age and well preserved, credited him with twenty years more; but thirty-five or fifty-five, whichever it was, he was erect and strong, and well set up, and possessed an amount of experience and apparent knowledge of the world, at which the striplings of Sloebury admired and wondered, and which even the older men respected, as men in the country respect the mention of great names and incidents that have become historical. He had a way of recommending himself even to the serious, and would now and then break forth, as if reluctantly, into an account of some instance of faith or patience on the battlefield or the hospital which made even the rector declare that to consider Underwood as an irreligious man was both unjust and unkind. So strong was the prejudice of the women, however, that Mrs. Wynn, always charitable, and whose silent protest was generally only made when the absent were blamed, shook her head at this testimony borne in favour of the Captain. She had no son to be led away, and her husband it need not be said, considering his position, was invulnerable; but with all her charity she could not believe in the religion of Captain Underwood. His rooms were very nice rooms in the best street in Sloebury, and if his society was what is called "mixed," yet the best people were occasionally to be met there, as well as those who were not the best.

There was a little stir in the company when Walter entered. To tell the truth, notwithstanding the wild mirth and dissipation which the ladies believed to go on in Captain Underwood's rooms, the society assembled there was at the moment dull and in want of a sensation. There had not been anything said for the course of two minutes at least. There was no play going on, and the solemn puff of smoke from one pair of lips after another would have been the height of monotony had it not been the wildest fun and gratification. The men in the room took pipes and cigars

out of their mouths to welcome the new-comer. "Hallo, Walter!" they all said in different tones; for in Sloebury the use of Christian names was universal, everybody having known everybody else since the moment of their birth.

"Here comes Methven," said the owner of the rooms (it was one of his charms, in the eyes of the younger men, that he was not addicted to this familiarity), "in the odour of sanctity. It will do us all good to have an account of the rector's party. How did you leave the old ladies, my excellent boy?"

"Stole away like the fox, by Jove," said the hunting man, who was the pride of Sloebury.

"More like the mouse with the old cats after it," said another wit.

Now Walter had come in among them strong in his sense of right and in his sense of wrong, feeling himself at the same moment a sorry fool and an injured hero, a sufferer for the rights of man; and it would have been of great use to him in both these respects to have felt himself step into a superior atmosphere, into the heat of a political discussion, or even into noisy amusement, or the passion of play—anything which would rouse the spirits and energies, and show the action of a larger life. But to feel his own arrival a sort of godsend in the dulness, and to hear nothing but the heavy puff of all the smoke, and the very poor wit with which he was received, was sadly disconcerting, and made him more and more angry with himself and the circumstances which would give him no sort of support or comfort.

"The old ladies," he said, "were rather more lively than you fellows. You look as if you had all been poisoned in your wine, like the men in the opera, and expected the wall to open and the monks and the coffins to come in."

"I knew that Methven would bring us some excellent lesson," said Captain Underwood. "Remember that we

have all to die. Think, my friends, upon your latter end."

"Jump up here and give us a sermon, Wat."

"Don't tease him, he's dangerous."

"The old ladies have been too much for him."

This went on till Walter had settled down into his place, and lighted his pipe like the rest. He looked upon them with disenchanted eyes; not that he had ever entertained any very exalted opinion of his company; but to-night he was out of sympathy with all his surroundings, and he felt it almost a personal offence that there should be so little to attract and excite in this manly circle which thought so much more of itself than of any other, and was so scornful of the old ladies, who after all were not old ladies: but the graver members of the community in general, with an ornamental adjunct of young womankind. On ordinary occasions no doubt Walter would have chimed in with the rest, but to-night he was dissatisfied and miserable, not sure of any sensation in particular, but one of scorn and distaste for his surroundings. He would have felt this in almost any conceivable case, but in the midst of this poor jesting and would-be wit, the effect was doubled. Was it worth while for this to waste his time, to offend the opinion of all his friends? Such thoughts must always come in similar circumstances. Even in the most brilliant revelry there will be a pause, a survey of the position, a sense, however unwilling, that the game is not worth the candle. But here! They were all as dull as ditch water, he said to himself. Separately there was scarcely one whom he would have selected as an agreeable companion, and was it possible by joining many dulnesses together to produce a brilliant result? There was no doubt that Walter's judgment was jaundiced that evening; for he was not by any means so contemptuous of his friends on ordinary occasions; but he had been eager to find an excuse for himself, to be able to say that



here was real life and genial society in place of the affected solemnity of the proper people. When he found himself unable to do this, he was struck as by a personal grievance, and sat moody and abstracted, bringing a chill upon everybody, till one by one the boon companions strolled away.

"A pretty set of fellows to talk of dullness," he cried, with a little burst, "as if they were not dull beyond all description themselves."

"Come, Methven, you are out of temper," said Captain Underwood. "They are good fellows enough when you are in the vein for them. Something has put you out of joint."

"Nothing at all," cried Walter, "except the sight of you all sitting as solemn as owls pretending to enjoy yourselves. At the rectory one yawned indeed, it was the genius of the place—but to hear all those dull dogs laughing at that, as if they were not a few degrees worse! Is there nothing but dullness in life? Is everything the same—one way or another—and nothing to show for it all, when it is over, but tediousness and discontent?"

Underwood looked at him keenly with his fiery eyes.

"So you've come to that already, have you?" he said. "I thought you were too young and foolish."

"I am not so young as not to know that I am behaving like an idiot," Walter said. Perhaps he had a little hope of being contradicted and brought back to his own esteem.

But instead of this, Captain Underwood only looked at him again and laughed.

"I know," he said: "the conscience has its tremors, especially after an evening at the rectory. You see how well respectability looks, how comfortable it is."

"I do nothing of the sort," Walter cried indignantly. "I see how dull you are, you people who scoff at respectability, and I begin to wonder whether it is not better to be dull and thrive than to be dull and perish.

They seem much the same thing so far as enjoyment goes."

"You want excitement," said the other carelessly. "I allow there is not much of that here."

"I want something," cried Walter. "Cards even are better than nothing. I want to feel that I have blood in my veins."

"My dear boy, all that is easily explained. You want money. Money is the thing that mounts the blood in the veins. With money you can have as much excitement, as much movement as you like. Let people say what they please, there is nothing else that does it," said the man of experience. He took a choice cigar leisurely from his case as he spoke. "A bit of a country town like this, what can you expect from it? There is no go in them. They risk a shilling, and go away frightened if they lose. If they don't go to church on Sunday they feel all the remorse of a villain in a play. It's all petty here—everything's petty, both the vices and the virtues. I don't wonder you find it slow. What I find it, I needn't say."

"Why do you stop here, then?" said Walter, not unnaturally, with a momentary stare of surprise. Then he resumed, being full of his own subject. "I know I'm an ass," he said. "I loaf about here doing nothing when I ought to be at work. I don't know why I do it; but neither do I know how to get out of it. You, that's quite another thing. You have no call to stay. I wonder you do: why do you? If I were as free as you, I should be off—before another day."

"Come along then," said Underwood, good-humouredly. "I'll go if you'll go."

At this Walter shook his head.

"I have no money you know. I ought to be in an office or doing something. I can't go off to shoot here or fish there, like you."

"By and by—by and by. You have time enough to wait."

Walter gave him a look of surprise.

"There is nothing to wait for," he

said. "Is that why you have said so many things to me about seeing life? I have nothing. We've got no money in the family. I may wait till doomsday, but it will do nothing for me."

"Don't be too sure of that," said Underwood. "Oh, you needn't devour me with your eyes. I know nothing of your family affairs. I suppose of course that by and by, in the course of nature——"

"You mean," said Walter, turning pale, "when my mother dies. No, I'm not such a wretched cad as that: if I didn't know I should get next to nothing then, I——" (His conscience nearly tripped this young man up, running into his way so hurriedly that he caught his foot unawares.) Then he stopped and grew red, staring at his companion. "Most of what she has dies with her, if that's what you're thinking of. There is nothing in that to build upon. And I'm glad of it," the young man cried.

"I beg your pardon, Methven," said the other. "But it needn't be that; there are other ways of getting rich."

"I don't know any of them, unless by work: and how am I to work? It is so easy to speak. What can I work at? and where am I to get it?—there is the question. I hear enough on that subject—as if I were a tailor or a shoemaker that could find something to do at any corner. There is no reason in it," the young man said, so hotly, and with such a flush of resentful obstinacy, that the fervour of his speech betrayed him. He was like a man who had outrun himself, and paused, out of breath.

"You'll see; something will turn up," said Underwood, with a laugh.

"What can turn up?—nothing. Suppose I go to New Zealand and come back at fifty with my fortune made—Fifty's just the age, isn't it, to begin to enjoy yourself," cried Walter, scornfully; "when you have not a tooth left, nor a faculty perfect?" He was so young that the half-century appeared to him like the age of Methusaleh, and men who lived to

that period as having outlived all that is worth living for. His mentor laughed a little uneasily, as if he had been touched by this chance shot.

"It is not such a terrible age after all," he said. "A man can still enjoy himself when he is fifty; but I grant you that at twenty-four it's a long time to wait for your pleasure. However, let us hope something will turn up before then. Supposing, for the sake of argument, you were to come in to your fortune more speedily, I wonder what you would do with it—eh? you are such a terrible fellow for excitement. The turf?"

"All that is folly," said Walter, getting up abruptly. "Nothing more, thanks. I am coming in to no fortune. And you don't understand me a bit," he said, turning at the door of the room, to look back upon the scene where he had himself spent so many hours, made piquant by a sense of that wrongdoing which supplies excitement when other motives fail. The chairs standing about as their occupants had thrust them away from the table, the empty glasses upon it, the disorder of the room, struck him with a certain sense of disgust. It was a room intended by nature to be orderly and sober, with heavy country-town furniture, and nothing about it that could throw any grace on disarray. The master of the place stood against the table swaying a somewhat heavy figure over it, and gazing at the young man with his fiery eyes. Walter's rudeness did not please him, any more than his abrupt withdrawal.

"Don't be too sure of that," he said, with an effort to retain his good-humoured aspect. "If I don't understand you, I should like to know who does? and when that fortune comes, you will remember what I say."

"Pshaw!" Walter cried, impatiently turning away. A nod of his head was all the good-night he gave. He hurried down as he had hurried up, still as little contented, as full of dissatisfaction as when he came. This man who thought he understood him,

who intended to influence him, revolted the young man's uneasy sense of independence, as much as did the bond of more lawful authority. Did Underwood, too, think him a child not able to guide himself? It was very late by this time, and the streets very silent. He walked quickly home through the wintry darkness of November, with a mind as thoroughly out of tune as it is possible to imagine. He had gone to Underwood's in the hot impulse of opposition, with the hope of getting rid temporarily, at least, of the struggle within him; but he had not got rid of it. The dull jokes of the assembled company had only made the raging of the inward storm more sensible, and the jaunty and presumptuous misconception with which his host received his involuntary confidences afterwards, had aggravated instead of soothing his mind. Indeed, Underwood's pretence at knowing all about it, his guesses and attempts to sound his companion's mind, and the blundering interpretation of it into which he stumbled, filled Walter with double indignation and disgust. This man too he had thought much of, and expected superior intelligence from—and all that he had to say was an idiotic anticipation of some miraculous coming into a fortune which Walter was aware was as likely to happen to the beggar on the streets as to himself. He had been angry with nature and his mother when he left her door; he was angry with everybody when he returned to it, though his chief anger of all, and the root of all the others, was that anger with himself, which burnt within his veins, and which is the hardest of all others to quench out.

## CHAPTER III.

WALTER was very late next morning as he had been very late at night. The ladies had breakfasted long before, and there was a look of reproach in the very table-cloth left there so much after the usual time, and scrupulously

cleared of everything that the others had used, and arranged at one end, with the dish kept hot for him, and the small teapot just big enough for one, which was a sermon in itself. His mother was seated by the fire with her weekly books, which she was adding up. She said scarcely anything to him, except the morning greeting, filling out his tea with a gravity which was all the more crushing that there was nothing in it to object to, nothing to resent. Adding up accounts of itself is not cheerful work; but naturally the young man resented this seriousness all the more because he had no right to do so. It was intolerable, he felt, to sit and eat in presence of that silent figure partly turned away from him, jotting down the different amounts on a bit of paper, and absorbed in that occupation as if unconscious of his presence. Even scolding was better than this; Walter was perfectly conscious of all it was in her power to say. He knew by heart her remonstrances and appeals. But he disliked the silence more than all. He longed to take her by the shoulders, and cry, "What is it? What have you got to say to me? What do you mean by sitting there like a stone figure, and *meaning* it all the same!" He did not do this, knowing it would be foolish, and give his constant antagonist a certain advantage; but he longed to get rid of some of his own exasperation by such an act. It was with a kind of force over himself that he ate his breakfast, going through all the forms, prolonging it to the utmost of his power, helping himself with deliberate solemnity in defiance of the spectator, who seemed so absorbed in her own occupation, but was, he felt sure, watching his every movement. It was not, however, until he had come to an end of his prolonged meal and of his newspaper, that his mother spoke.

"Do you think," she said, "that it would be possible for you to write that letter to Mr. Milnathort, of which I have spoken so often, to-day?"

"Oh, quite possible," said Walter, carelessly.

"Will you do it, then? It seems to me very important to your interests. Will you really do it, and do it to-day?"

"I'll see about it," Walter said.

"I don't ask you to see about it. It is nothing very difficult. I ask you to do it at once—to-day."

He gazed at her for a moment with an angry obstinacy.

"I see no particular occasion for all this haste. It has stood over a good many days. Why should you insist so upon it now?"

"Every day that it has been put off has been a mistake. It should have been done at once," Mrs. Methven said.

"I'll see about it," he said carelessly; and he went out of the room with a sense of having exasperated her as usual, which was almost pleasant.

At the bottom of his heart he meant to do what his mother had asked of him: but he would not betray his good intentions. He preferred to look hostile even when he was in the mind to be obedient. He went away to the little sitting-room which was appropriated to him, where his pipes adorned the mantelpiece, and sat down to consider the situation. To write a letter was not a great thing to do, and he fully meant to do it; but after he had mused a little angrily upon the want of perception which made his mother adopt that cold and hectoring tone, when if she had asked him gently he would have done it in a minute, he put forth his hand and drew a book towards him. It was not either a new or an entertaining book, but it secured his idle attention until he suddenly remembered that it was time to go out. The letter was not written, but what did that matter? The post did not go out till the afternoon, and there was plenty of time between that time and this to write half-a-dozen letters. It would do very well, he thought, when he came in for lunch. So he threw down the book and got his hat and went out.

Mrs. Methven, who was on the watch, hearing his every movement, came into his room after he was gone, and looked round with eager eyes to see if the letter was written, if there was any trace of it. Perhaps he had taken it out with him to post it, she thought: and though it was injurious to her that she should not know something more about a piece of business in which he was not the sole person concerned, yet it gave her a sort of relief to think that so much at least he had done. She went back to her books with an easier mind. She was far from being a rich woman, but her son had known none of her little difficulties, her efforts to make ends meet. She had thought it wrong to trouble his childhood with such confidences, and he had grown up thinking nothing on the subject, without any particular knowledge of, or interest in, her affairs, taking everything for granted. It was her own fault, she said to herself, and so it was to some extent. She would sometimes think that if she had it to do over again she would change all that. How often do we think this, and with what bitter regret, in respect to the children whom people speak of as wax in our hands, till we suddenly wake up and find them iron! She had kept her difficulties out of Walter's way, and instead of being grateful to her for so doing, he was simply indifferent, neither inquiring nor caring to know. Her own doing! It was easier to herself, yet bitter beyond telling, to acknowledge it to be so. Just at this time, when Christmas was approaching, the ends took a great deal of tugging and coaxing to bring them together. A few of Walter's bills had come in unexpectedly, putting her poor balance altogether wrong. Miss Merivale contributed a little, but only a little, to the housekeeping; for Mrs. Methven was both proud and liberal, and understood giving better than receiving. She went back to the dining-room, where all her books lay upon the table, near the fire. Her reckon-

ing had not advanced much since she had begun it, with Walter sitting at breakfast. Her faculties had been all absorbed in him and what he was doing. Now she addressed herself to her accounts with a strenuous effort. It is hard work to balance a small sum of money against a large number of bills, to settle how to divide it so as that everybody shall have something, and the mouths of hungry creditors be stopped. Perhaps we might say that this was one of the fine arts—so many pounds here, so many there, keeping credit afloat, and the wolf of debt from the door. Mrs. Methven was skilled in it. She went to this work, feeling all its difficulty and burden: yet, with a little relief, not because she saw any way out of her difficulties, but because Walter had written that letter. It was always something done, she thought, in her simplicity, and something might come of it, some way in which he could get the means of exercising his faculties, perhaps of distinguishing himself even yet.

Walter for his part strolled away through the little town in his usual easy way. It was a fine, bright, wintery morning, not cold, yet cold enough to make brisk walking pleasant, and stir the blood in young veins. There was no football going on, nor any special amusement. He could not afford to hunt, and the only active winter exercise which he could attain was limited to this game—of which there was a good deal at Sloebury—and skating, when it pleased Providence to send ice, which was too seldom. He looked in upon one or two of his cronies, and played a game of billiards, and hung about the High Street to see what was going on. There was nothing particular going on, but the air was fresh, and the sun shining, and a little pleasant movement about, much more agreeable at least than sitting in a stuffy little room writing a troublesome letter which he felt sure would not do the least good. Finally, he met Captain Underwood, who regarded him with a

look which Walter would have called anxious had he been able to imagine any possible reason why Underwood should entertain any anxiety on his account.

"Well! any news?" the captain cried.

"News! What news should there be in this dead-alive place?" Walter said.

The other looked at him keenly as if to see whether he was quite sincere, and then said, "Come and have some lunch."

He was free of all the best resorts in Sloebury, this mysterious man. He belonged to the club, he was greatly at his ease in the hotel—everything was open to him. Walter, who had but little money of his own, and could not quite cut the figure he wished, was not displeased to be thus exhibited as the captain's foremost ally.

"I thought you might have come into that fortune, you are looking so spruce," the captain said, and laughed. But though he laughed he kept an eye on the young man as if the pleasantry meant more than appeared. Walter felt a momentary irritation with this, which seemed to him a very bad joke; but he went with the captain all the same, not without a recollection of the table at home, at which, after waiting three quarters of an hour or so, and watching at the window for his coming, the ladies would at last sit down. But he was not a child to be forced to attendance at every meal, he said to himself. The captain's attentions to him were great, and it was a very nice little meal that they had together.

"I expect you to do great things for me when you come into your fortune. You had better engage me at once as your guide, philosopher, and friend," he said, with a laugh. "Of course you will quit Sloebury, and make yourself free of all this bondage."

"Oh, of course," said Walter, humouring the joke, though it was so bad a one in every way.

He could not quarrel with his host

at his own table, and perhaps after all it was more dignified to take it with good humour.

"You must not go in for mere expense," the captain said; "you must make it pay. I can put you up to a thing or two. You must not go into the world like a pigeon to be plucked. It would affect my personal honour if a pupil of mine—for I consider you as a pupil of mine, Methven, I think I have imparted to you a thing or two. You are not quite the simpleton you used to be, do you think you are?"

Walter received this with great gravity, though he tried to look as if he were not offended.

"Was I a simpleton?" he said. "I suppose in one's own case one never sees."

"Were you a simpleton!" said the other, with a laugh, and then he stopped himself, always keenly watching the young man's face, and perceiving that he was going too far. "But I flatter myself you could hold your own at whist with any man now," the captain said.

This pleased the young man; his gravity unbended a little; there was a visible relaxation of the corners of his mouth. To be praised is always agreeable. Moral applause, indeed, may be taken with composure, but who could hear himself applauded for his whist-playing without an exhilaration of the heart? He said, with satisfaction, "I always was pretty good at games," at which his instructor laughed again, almost too much for perfect good breeding.

"I like to have young fellows like you to deal with," he said, "fellows with a little spirit, that are born for better things. Your country-town young man is as fretful and frightened when he loses a few shillings as if it were thousands. But that's one of the reasons why I feel you're born to luck, my boy. I know a man of liberal breeding whenever I see him, he is not frightened about a nothing. That's one of the things

I like in you, Methven. You deserve a fortune, and you deserve to have me for your guide, philosopher, and friend."

All this was said by way of joke; but it was strange to see the steady watch which he kept on the young man's face. One would have said a person of importance whom Underwood meant to try his strength with, but guardedly, without going too far, and even on whom he was somehow dependent, anxious to make a good impression. Walter, who knew his own favour to be absolutely without importance, and that Underwood above all, his host and frequent entertainer could be under no possible delusion on the subject, was puzzled, yet flattered, feeling that only some excellence on his own part, undiscovered by any of his other acquaintances, could account for this. So experienced a person could have "no motive" in thus paying court to a penniless and prospectless youth. Walter was perplexed, but he was gratified too. He had not seen many of the captain's kind; nobody who knew so many people or who was so much at his ease with the world. Admiration of this vast acquaintance, and of the familiarity with which the captain treated things and people of which others spoke with bated breath, had varied in his mind with a fluctuating sense that Underwood was not exactly so elevated a person as he professed to be, and even that there were occasional vulgarities in this man of the world. Walter felt these, but in his ignorance represented to himself that perhaps they were right enough, and only seemed vulgar to him who knew no better. And to-day there is no doubt he was somewhat intoxicated by this flattery. It must be disinterested, for what could he do for anybody? He confided to the captain more than he had ever done before of his own position. He described how he was being urged to write to old Milnathort. "He is an old lawyer in Scotland—what they call a writer



—and it is supposed he might be induced to take me into his office, for the sake of old associations. I don't know what the associations are, but the position does not smile upon me," Walter said.

"Your family then is a Scotch family?" said the captain with a nod of approval. "I thought as much."

"I don't know that I've got a family," said Walter.

"On the contrary, Methven is a very good name. There are half a dozen baronets at least, and a peer—you must have heard of him, Lord Erradeen."

"Oh yes, I've heard of him," Walter said with a conscious look.

If he had been more in the world he would have said "he is a cousin of mine," but he was aware that the strain of kindred was very far off, and he was at once too shy and too proud to claim it. His companion waited apparently for the disclosure, then finding it did not come opened the way.

"If he's a relation of yours, it's to him you ought to write; very likely he would do something for you. They are a curious family. I've had occasion to know something about them."

"I think you know everybody, Underwood."

"Well, I have knocked about the world a great deal; in that way one comes across a great many people. I saw a good deal of the present lord at one time. He was a very queer man—they are all queer. If you are one of them you'll have to bear your share in it. There is a mysterious house they have—You would think I was an idiot if I told you half the stories I have heard—"

"About the Erradeens?"

"About everybody," said the captain evasively. "There is scarcely a family, that, if you go right into it, has not something curious about them. We all have; but those that last and continue keep it on record. I could tell you the wildest tales about So-and-so and So-and-so, very ordinary people to

look at, but with stories that would make your hair stand on end."

"We have nothing to do with things of that sort. My people have always been straightforward and above board."

"For as much as you know, perhaps; but go back three or four generations and how can you tell? We have all of us ancestors that perhaps were not much to brag of."

Walter caught Underwood's eye as he said this, and perhaps there was a twinkle in it, for he laughed.

"It is something," he said, "to have ancestors at all."

"If they were the greatest blackguards in the world," the captain said with a responsive laugh, "that's what I think. You don't want any more of my revelations? Well, never mind, probably I shall have you coming to me some of these days quite humbly to beg for more information. You are not cut out for an attorney's office. It is very virtuous, of course, to give yourself up to work and turn your back upon life."

"Virtue be hanged," said Walter, with some excitement, "it is not virtue, but necessity, which I take to be the very opposite. I know I'm wasting my time, but I mean to turn over a new leaf. And as the first evidence of that as soon as I go home I shall write to old Milnathort."

"Not to-day," said Underwood, looking at his watch; "the post has gone; twenty-four hours more to think about it will do you no harm."

Walter started to his feet, and it was with a real pang that he saw how the opportunity had escaped him, and his intention in spite of himself been balked; a flush of shame came over his face. He felt that, if never before, here was a genuine occasion for blame. To be sure, the same thing had happened often enough before, but he had never perhaps so fully intended to do what was required of him. He sat down again, with a muttered curse at himself and his own folly. There was nothing to be said for him. He had

meant to turn over a new leaf, and yet this day was just like the last. The thought made his heart sick for the moment. But what was the use of making a fuss and betraying himself to a stranger? He sat down again, with a self-disgust which made him glad to escape from his own company. Underwood's talk might be shallow enough, perhaps his pretence at knowledge was not very well founded, but he was safer company than conscience, and that burning and miserable sense of moral impotence which is almost worse than the more tragic stings of conscience. To find out that your resolution is worth nothing, after you have put yourself to the trouble of making it, and that habit is more strong than any motive, is not a pleasant thing to think of. Better let the captain talk about Lord Erradeen, or any other lord in the peerage. Underwood, being encouraged with a few questions, talked very largely on this subject. He gave the young man many pieces of information, which indeed he could have got in Debrett if he had been anxious on the subject; and as the afternoon wore on they strolled out again for another promenade up and down the more populous parts of Sloebury, and there fell in with other idlers like themselves; and when the twilight yielded to the more cheerful light of the lamps, betook themselves to whist, which was sometimes played in the captain's rooms at that immoral hour. Sloebury, even the most advanced portion of it, had been horrified at the thought of whist before dinner when the captain first suggested it, but that innocent alarm had long since melted away. There was nothing dangerous about it, no stakes which any one could be hurt by losing. When Walter, warned by the breaking up of the party that it was the hour for dinner, took his way home also, he was the winner of a sixpence or two, and no more: there had been nothing wrong in the play. But when

he turned the corner of Underwood's street and found himself with the wind in his face on his way home, the revulsion of feeling from something like gaiety to a rush of disagreeable anticipations, a crowd of uncomfortable thoughts, was pitiful. In spite of all our boastings of home and home influence, how many experience this change the moment they turn their face in the direction of that centre where it is conventional to suppose all comfort and shelter is! There is a chill, an abandonment of pleasant sensations, a preparation for those that are not pleasant. Walter foresaw what he would find there with an impatience and resentment which were almost intolerable. Behind the curtain, between the laths of the Venetian blind, his mother would be secretly on the outlook watching for his return; perhaps even she had stolen quietly to the door, and, sheltered in the darkness of the porch, was looking out; or, if not that, the maid who opened the door would look reproachfully at him, and ask if he was going to dress, or if she might serve the dinner at once: it must have been waiting already nearly half an hour. He went on very quickly, but his thoughts lingered and struggled with the strong disinclination that possessed him. How much he would have given not to go home at all! how little pleasure he expected when he got there! His mother most likely would be silent, pale with anger, saying little, while Cousin Sophia would get up a little conversation. She would talk lightly about anything that might have been happening, and Walter would perhaps exert himself to give Sophia back her own, and show his mother that he cared nothing about her displeasure. And then when dinner was over, he would hurry out again, glad to be released. Home! this was what it had come to be: and nothing could mend it so far as either mother or son could see. Oh, terrible incompatibility, unapproachableness of one soul to another! To think that they should be so near,

yet so far away. Even in the case of husband and wife the severance is scarcely so terrible; for they have come towards each other out of different spheres, and if they do not amalgamate, there are many secondary causes that may be blamed, differences of nature and training and thought. But a mother with her child, whom she has brought up, whose first opinions she has implanted, who ought naturally to be influenced by her ways of thinking, and even by prejudices and superstitions in favour of her way! It was not, however, this view of the question which moved the young man. It was the fact of his own bondage, the compulsion he was under to return to dinner, to give some partial obedience to the rules of the house, and to confess that he had not written that letter to Mr. Milnathort.

When he came in sight of the house, however, he became aware insensibly, he could scarcely tell how, of some change in its aspect: what was it? It was lighted up in the most unusual way. The window of the spare room was shining not only with candlelight, but with firelight, his own room was lighted up; the door was standing open, throwing out a warm flood of light into the street, and in the centre of this light stood Mrs. Methven with her white shawl over her head, not at all concealing herself, gazing anxiously in the direction from which he was coming.

"I think I will send for him," he heard her say; "he has, very likely, stepped into Captain Underwood's, and he is apt to meet friends there who will not let him go."

Her voice was soft—there was no blame in it, though she was anxious. She was speaking to some one behind her, a figure in a greatcoat. Walter was in the shadow and invisible. He paused in his surprise to listen.

"I must get away by the last train," he heard the voice of the muffled figure say somewhat pettishly.

"Oh, there is plenty of time for that," cried his mother; and then she

gave a little cry of pleasure, and said, "And, at a good moment, here he is!"

He came in somewhat dazzled, and much astonished, into the strong light in the open doorway. Mrs. Methven's countenance was all radiant and glowing with pleasure. She held out her hand to him eagerly.

"We have been looking for you," she cried; "I have had a great surprise. Walter, this is Mr. Milnathort."

Puzzled, startled, and yet somewhat disappointed, Walter paused in the hall, and looked at a tall old man with a face full of crotchets and intelligence, who stood with two greatcoats unbuttoned, and a comforter half unwound from his throat, under the lamp. His features were high and thin, his eyes invisible under their deep sockets.

"Now, you will surely take off your coat, and consent to go up stairs, and make yourself comfortable," said Mrs. Methven, with a thrill of excitement in her voice. "This is Walter. He has heard of you all his life. Without any reference to the nature of your communication, he must be glad, indeed, to make your acquaintance—"

She gave Walter a look of appeal as she spoke. He was so much surprised that it was with difficulty he found self-possession to murmur a few words of civility. A feeling that Mr. Milnathort must have come to look after that letter which had never been written came in with the most wonderfully confusing, half ludicrous effect into his mind, like one of the inadequate motives and ineffable conclusions of a dream. Mr. Milnathort made a stiff little bow in reply.

"I will remain till the last train. In the meantime the young gentleman had better be informed, Mrs. Methven."

She put out her hands again. "A moment—give us a moment first."

The old lawyer stood still and looked from the mother to the son. Perhaps to his keen eyes it was revealed that it would be well she

should have the advantage of any pleasant revelation.

"I will," he said, "madam, avail myself of your kind offer to go up stairs and unroll myself out of these trappings of a long journey; and in the meantime you will, perhaps, like to tell him the news yourself: he will like it all the better if he hears it from his mother."

Mrs. Methven bowed her head, having, apparently, no words at her command: and stood looking after him till he disappeared on the stairs, following the maid, who had been waiting with a candle lighted in her hand. When he was gone, she seized Walter hurriedly by the arm, and drew him towards the little room, the nearest, which was his ordinary sitting-room. Her hand grasped him with unnecessary force in her excitement. The room was dark—he could not see her face, the only light in it being the reflection of the lamp outside.

"Oh, Walter!" she cried; "oh, my boy! I don't know how to tell you the news. This useless life is all over for you, and another—oh, how different—another—God grant it happy and great, oh, God grant it! blessed and noble!—"

Her voice choked with excitement and fast-coming tears. She drew him towards her into her arms.

"It will take you from me—but what of that, if it makes you happy and good? I have been no guide to you, but God will be your guide: His leadings were all dark to me, but now I see—"

"Mother," he cried, with a strange impulse he could not understand, putting his arm round her, "I did not write that letter: I have done nothing I promised or meant to do. I am sick to the heart to think what a fool and a cad I am—for the love of God tell me what it is!"

*(To be continued.)*

## AN INDIAN FESTIVAL.

To the north of Mexico, and south of the state of Colorado, lies the territory of New Mexico—a region which was repeatedly explored during the sixteenth century by Spanish adventurers, from whose account of it the Viceroy of Mexico was encouraged to send an expedition into the country in 1599. The Spaniards found there a peaceable tribe of Indians, living in villages and cultivating the soil. Pueblo—their name for a town—gained for them the name of Pueblo Indians; but they are presumably descended from the Aztecs, who once inhabited the whole region, and whose ruined villages and temples are still to be found here and there. Several forts and colonies were successfully founded by the Spaniards; and the Jesuit priests who accompanied the expedition also established missions near many of the Indian settlements, and converted numbers of the people to the Roman Catholic religion. Most of the present Mexican towns here originated with these mission churches, which soon gathered habitations round them. The capital of the territory, Santa Fé, is said to have been built on the site of some old Indian buildings found by the Spaniards, and on this account it claims to be the oldest city in the United States. The new comers encouraged the Pueblos to continue in their villages, and even to build new ones; but they otherwise treated them as slaves, compelling them to work in the gold, silver, and turquoise mines that were discovered in the country. After eighty years of oppression, indeed, the patient Pueblos rebelled; they drove away the interlopers and had their own way for some eighteen years, but in 1695 the Spaniards

returned and took possession of New Mexico once more. They now treated the Indians rather better, but all the wealth and resources of the country being in their own hands, it was easy for them to keep the Pueblos and the Mexican half-breeds, who formed the mass of the population, in virtual servitude. These wretched peons, as they are called, were perpetually in debt to the Spanish proprietors and obliged to make up for their insolvency by incessant and hopeless toil on the lands of their creditors. When Mexico was declared a Republic, New Mexico formed part of it, and was governed under its laws, until the American war with Mexico began, and the United States' troops took possession of the territory in 1847. The Pueblo Indians then received grants of the land surrounding their villages from the United States' Government, and the general condition of the country was improved, although it is to be feared that many of the Spanish landowners keep the poorer Mexican peasants in the condition of peons still. There are yet in the country some old Spanish families who lay claims to pure Castilian descent, and are very proud, while even Mexicans of the better class hold their heads high and profess great unconcern, and even contempt, towards the Americans and their institutions. The oldest family of all, however, is more simple and more affable. The Pueblo Indians do not give themselves many airs, although they are the descendants of an ancient race, among whose ruined homes they have built their own already venerable villages. They are in some ways less barbarous than the Mexicans, and certainly more pious, although they still cling with one hand to many of

their old superstitions. Here the Jesuit priests have shown great discrimination—they have grafted Roman Catholic festivals on to some of the old Indian holy days. For instance, at the Pueblo of Taos, which is the best preserved, and probably the oldest town still inhabited in New Mexico, the Indians hold a grand festival on St. Jerome's Day, a day which is, however, further hallowed by some memory of Montezuma! This festival is widely renowned, and many other Indians as well as Mexicans from the neighbourhood flock to take part in it. Even some few of the Apaches and Navajos, tribes of a more wandering and warlike character, inhabiting other parts of New Mexico and Arizona, visit Taos for the festival, if they do not happen to be "on the war-path," and are at peace with the whites and the Pueblos.

This year the fame of the Taos festival spread even to Colorado, and so it happened that, from a little brand-new western town, where we have all the latest American improvements, and speak a good deal of "progress," we determined to go down into this strange region, near us and yet so far, so full of old monuments, old memories, old ideas.

By way of contrast, a railway, an extension of the Colorado, Denver and Rio Grande Line, runs within thirty miles of Taos, and much nearer to some of the other Pueblos. This simplified the first stage of our journey, and a private sleeping-car, with the addition of a good stock of provisions, made us independent of the miserable accommodation the country affords. The scenery of Northern New Mexico resembles that of Southern Colorado; there are the same deep grassy basins, once filled by great lakes, the same mesas or table-lands, covered with the low piñon-fir or the sage-brush, and bounded by ranges of glorious mountains, the same deep cañons or gorges and narrow mountain passes. Ascending and descending, over passes and plains, we reached, after twenty hours

of travel, the small station of Embudo, in a ravine on the banks of the Rio Grande river. Here, as there was absolutely no accommodation, our car was shunted into a siding, and we slept in it.

A friend, who knew the country, had with difficulty persuaded a Mexican in Taos to send conveyances to meet us at Embudo; so, early next morning, the party was stowed away in a variety of rickety waggons and buggies, and started on a thirty-mile drive. At first, having but just turned our backs on the prosaic railway station, and becoming aware that our harness was rotten and our horses baulky, we "disremembered," as they say in New England, the picturesqueness of the expedition. The road before us was indescribably stony and precipitous, and though it wound by the banks of the green Rio Grande torrent, it was hemmed in by arid brown hills, scantily covered with sage-brush and cactus, and strewn with volcanic rocks. Here the sun baked pitilessly down, and we fancied ourselves in a desert, until a turn of the road brought some Mexican settlements in sight. These strange, mud-coloured houses are usually built in the form of a square, or half a square, the door and windows all opening into an inner court, the outer walls presenting a dead blank. They are rarely more than one story high and have flat roofs, on which the long grass waves undisturbed. The dull hue of the adobe, or unbaked brick, of which they are built makes a harmony with the brown hills and the dry prairie grass, but a contrast comes in with the strings of vivid red peppers that hang on the walls of the houses and the fresh green orchards that surround them. From one of these houses a woman, wearing the usual gay pink cotton dress and with a white "serape" or mantilla, draped on her head, ran out to see us pass. Taking a cigarette from her lips she cried out "that we should pay toll" for passing before her house! No one felt called upon to



make use of their slight knowledge of Spanish upon this occasion, though all the party had been studying it hard during the past few days. After our weary mules and horses had dragged us up and down through two deep and dry ravines, we reached at last the top of a broad mesa, swept by a refreshing breeze and commanding a generous view over the surrounding country. Below us wound the deep cañon of the Rio Grande, cutting a dark, mysterious line right through the sunlit prairie. Here and there the flats were broken by strangely-shaped peaks and bluffs, or by other mesas covered with glossy fir-woods. Far away the whole was bounded by ranges of mountains, luminous and blue. At the foot of a nearer range to the north-east a gray outline was pointed out as the Mexican town of Taos, the longed-for end of our journey. It seemed close at hand, yet with all the weary horses could do, it was dusk when we entered the silent, empty streets. A town that suggested Egypt or Algiers, in the midst of a landscape which vividly recalled Colorado—how strange it seemed! At first all the houses turned blank mud walls on us, and when a cottage with a gabled roof came in sight we felt startled. The cottage stood by a lofty old stone church, and turned out to be a new parsonage, built by the parish priest, who, like many of the clergy in New Mexico, is a Frenchman. In the public the adobe houses presented a more lively appearance, having their doors and windows opening on to the square and shaded by low verandahs. Here stood the inn, a building with huge, disconsolate-looking rooms, backed by a network of walled courtyards, which seemed of no particular use. The house was very full, and only two rooms, enormous indeed, and full of big bedsteads, were provided for the accommodation of our party of thirteen. The landlord was an American, but his wife was Mexican, and so were his servants, with the exception of an anomalous French

man-cook, who in spite of his nationality never gave us anything fit to eat. The best thing about that inn, as about other Mexican dwellings, was the flat roof, whereon, one could climb, and, standing on the soft grass, watch the sun set and the moon rise across the prairie.

In the evening we were invited to a ball in a house near by, where the better part of the Mexican population was assembled. The ballroom was a long low apartment, smelling like a cellar. The behaviour of the guests was dreary in the extreme. Most of them sat round the room on benches, and looked coldly at us when we joined them. Few of them were good-looking; and especially among the women there was a predominance of sallow complexions, heavy features, dull, black eyes, apathetic expressions. Not a spark of the vivacity attributed to Southern races was visible. There was scarcely any picturesque costume, most of the women wearing ungainly imitations of antiquated French fashions, and crude, inharmonious colours. The dancing was in the same style as the dress, and they did not perform anything national or characteristic. Partners spoke little to each other, and at the end of the dance, the gentleman discharged his social duties by bringing the lady a little figure of coloured sugar. We left the *baile*, disappointed; but we were subsequently assured on good authority that our presence alone had been the cause of the dullness, the stiffness, the want of "local colour." Not only do they resent being looked at, and by Americans especially, but it is a matter of absolute etiquette never to have any "larks" when a stranger is present. If we could go back and peep in at the window, it was affirmed, we should behold a very different scene. As it was, our impression of the middle-class Mexicans remained uninteresting. There were prettier faces, livelier and more kindly manners among the Mexican peasants and the Indians, whose pretty ways and vivacious expressions

often recalled those of the Italian peasants. The day of the festival rose bright and cloudless. In the square, a scramble began early in the morning for seats in the waggons that were starting for the Indian Pueblo, four miles off; and as we jolted over the prairie, we overtook crowds of holiday-makers on every side. The lonely plain was all at once alive with people; it seemed as if they must have sprung up from the prairie-grass. And what a motley assemblage! Mexican families in covered waggons, the women gorgeously dressed out and carrying Japanese parasols; Mexican youths dashing recklessly along on fiery broucho ponies; Mexican peasants on foot; and here and there an Indian *père de famille* riding proudly and silently in front of his squaw, who follows on an inferior horse, with one papoose tied on her back, and two more in her arms. Now, there are more Indians mingling with the crowd—we are entering the Pueblo de Taos. First we pass the ruined church, founded by the Jesuits early in the seventeenth century, and bombarded by the Americans in 1847; next, on the right, is the little new whitewashed church, and on its roof sits an Indian in a red blanket, beating with a stone the sheet of copper that hangs above the door; he is calling people to worship. Soon the crowd collects in an open space before the principal building of the Pueblo, on the north bank of a small, clear stream. Just beyond the village, this stream is shaded by a magnificent grove—supposed to be the sacred grove—of cottonwood trees. Autumn has now changed their green leaves to flames of red and gold, that blaze against the blue mountain-slope rising close behind them. This is the unchanging background; in the foreground, under the shadows of the old buildings, the picture shifts and changes all through the brilliant, burning autumn day. The Pueblo of Taos has two adobe buildings, the larger to the north, and the smaller to the south of the stream.

They are very much alike, but the larger and older of the two is perhaps the most characteristic. It probably began as a small hut, built by the founders of the settlement—who knows how long ago? It was enlarged, as the tribe increased, until it has grown into a huge pile, four or five stories high, each new story being built a little smaller and further back than the last, so as to leave in front of the building a succession of terraces or steps, narrowing as they ascend. Each separate terrace, again, has been raised or depressed here and there, so that the entire *façade* presents the strangest and most irregular appearance imaginable. Inside, the whole building is honeycombed with small rooms, generally built in separate couples, which have no communication with other rooms. There are no regular entrance doors, although some tiny doors, and a few windows, open from the upper walls on to the terraces. But the most usual mode of ingress is by trap-doors which open on the terraces, and whence the steepest of ladders descend into the rooms below. A very lattice-work of ladders hanging on the outer walls lead from the ground to the first terraces and so on to the topmost ones. As the ladders are all very steep and rickety, and the terraces only protected by low copings of mud, the process of gaining access to the building seems perilous and fatiguing to the uninitiated. As for the inhabitants—old men, two-year-old babies, women, and girls laden with heavy burdens, are crawling, climbing, and skipping up and down the ladders all day long, and brilliant patches of colour they make, clinging to the brown walls. I shall always remember seeing, as we drove into the square, a solitary Indian standing motionless on the topmost wall of the Pueblo, his tall figure draped in a red blanket and backed by the intense blue sky. Groups were already beginning to assemble on the terraces below, and by ten o'clock the whole *façade* was a mass of moving forms and brilliant colours; Indians in every

shade of plain or striped blankets, and Mexican women in gay cotton dresses and white "serapes."

Before the festivities began, the alcalde, or chief of that year—for a new chief is elected every year by general vote in the Pueblo—asked us to visit him. A plunge through a trap-door and down a ladder brought us into a small room, where a very pretty Indian girl, the chief's wife, met us and led us to the inner room in which the chief was sitting. Chief though he was, his appearance was far less imposing and dignified than that of many other men in the tribe; his fat figure, clad in a dirty cotton shirt and brown blanket, his face marked with small-pox, and his lack-lustre eyes, made up as unprepossessing a whole as can be imagined. He seemed glad to see the white people, and showed us some curious old sacred paintings, which had been in his family, he said, for centuries. This did not prevent him from asking us for money, and it was said he was the only man in the tribe who would do so!

This un-ideal chief maintains the old rules and keeps good order in the tribe, however; though, to be sure, his people are naturally hard-working, gentle, and peaceable. Drunkenness is severely punished; and although they do sometimes get drunk—the proximity of a Mexican town being too much for their morals—they dare not show themselves openly at the Pueblo in that condition. The chief's rooms, which are a pattern of all the others, are almost empty of furniture, but look a great deal cleaner than do the inhabitants of them. A broad shelf of adobe, projecting from the wall and covered with skins, serves for bench and bedstead alike; a few household utensils of copper and iron, and some old Aztec potteries, hang or stand in niches: two flat stones for grinding corn occupy one corner. A circle of stones on the floor marks the fire-place, for all the ovens are out of doors, on the ground near the house—queer round-shaped mud contrivances,

like huge kennels. The chief's wife wore a lovely old necklace of silver and coral, but her ideas—or her husband's—on the question of price were too lofty, and we went to try our luck elsewhere. Among the crowd outside, many of the Indians wore beautiful and curious things. The Apaches especially—who were easily distinguished from the Pueblos by their more spirited, not to say fierce, expression, and a certain style of riding—seemed to have put on all their best things for the party. Though they came from so far, they wore the most gorgeously beaded and embroidered buckskin jackets and moccasins. It was always the men, too, who displayed the finery. By this, one could distinguish them from the women—a hard matter otherwise, as their long black hair cut square on the forehead, their moccasins and leggings and their blankets wrapped round the shoulders, give them a puzzling similarity of appearance. The only differences are, that the poor squaws wear an assemblage of ancient rags under their blankets (whereas the *braves* generally adopt the modern cotton shirt), that their leggings and moccasins are of a remarkable and snowy whiteness, that they have the most uncomfortable saddles—on which they sit astride—and the worst horses. They also carry all the bundles and paposes. The younger ones among these patient creatures often seem bright and vivacious, but the older ones generally wear a dull, oppressed air, and their black eyes have a puzzled, questioning look, as if they were weary of trying to express themselves in broken Spanish. The Indians speak this language with the whites and the foreign tribes, but the women know it very imperfectly; and among themselves, each tribe speaks its own language. Every tribe, too, has its own special industry. The Pueblos cultivate the soil and fulfil the Scriptures to the letter, by making their "oxen tread out the corn." The Apaches make splendid baskets, orna-

menting them with pretty designs in various colours. But the Navajos are the truly artistic tribe; they make the pottery, the waterproof blankets, which for design, colour, and quality are prized throughout the West; and they hammer out the silver bangles and other trinkets of which the Indian women are so fond. Wandering among the crowd and fastening upon any of the *braves* or squaws, who seemed to have promising ornaments, we succeeded at last in scraping together a collection of "curios." One man, perceiving us to be good customers, dragged his squaw from her house, and made her give up all her trinkets; another squaw was luckier, and was allowed to keep her necklace when she begged her lord and master not to sell it. Most of the *braves*, however, could not resist the thought of the whisky those shining dollars represented; and especially among the Apaches (who are in no degree restricted from getting drunk, as are the Pueblos, by fears of punishment), I am afraid the poor squaws' trinkets mostly melted into drink. The Indians are abundantly aware of the value of money, and were mostly indifferent to the articles we had brought to "trade" with them. To be sure, a fine trade might have been done in umbrellas, but nobody had foreseen this. Beaded jackets and Navajo blankets were not to be obtained, the male owners arming themselves with indifference and refusing to part with them. We tried to console ourselves with large pieces of turquoise-stone—probably dug by the Indians long ago from the mine at Santa Fè, where they worked as slaves—and worn as charms ever since. One old squaw took an unconscious revenge for the depredations practised on her sisters. Seizing hold of the bangles I had just bought and slipped on to my wrist, she looked at them admiringly, and peering into my face, made the usual curt inquiry, "*Cuanto quiere?*"—How much do you want?

During the first part of the morn-

ing, a service took place in the little church, numbers of Indians and Mexicans piously assisting. Within, the congregation knelt upon the sandy floor and bowed before the host; above, on the roof, the Indian beat louder on his sheet of copper; outside the door, enthusiastic natives fired off their guns freely, reminding one of the way little boys at an Italian "festa" fire off their mock cannon. But all the while a band of Mexican youths, numbering thirty or forty, were tearing up and down the square, spurring their brave ponies' bloody sides, and endangering the safety of pedestrians. Amid the clouds of dust raised by these stampedes, one could see a miserable chicken held aloft by the foremost rider. Clearly, the game was to try and catch hold, while in full gallop, of this wretched bird, which was torn limb from limb in a few minutes among the contending riders. In many ways, indeed, these Mexicans appeared more uncivilised and barbarous than the Indians. Another of their ideas was to fasten a live sheep by its legs to the top of a greased pole, which the Indians had erected in the square. There hung the poor creature, an object of torture to humane spectators, waiting to be climbed for among the other prizes, which consisted of fruit and vegetables. The pole was not climbed till sundown, when the sheep came down alive—and actually survived the festival!

These same Mexican riders proved unruly when it was presently time to clear the square for the foot-races, the great event of the day. The course was kept clear by some of the older Indians, who paced to and fro, holding the folds of their blankets in one hand, and with the other waving back the crowd with branches of the golden-coloured cotton-wood. Soon the eager spectators on the terraces of the northern Pueblo could see a strange procession crossing the river from the south side. These were the runners, who are chosen equally among the

inhabitants of the northern and southern Pueblos, and with whom it is etiquette to visit both villages before and after the race; for there is a lively competition between the two places on this occasion, and the prize to the conquerors is, that the conquered must pay the priest during the ensuing year!

The runners advanced in two lines, facing each other, and performing a sort of quick hopping step. This was called a dance, but looked like a simple jump. All the while they waved boughs of cottonwood over their heads, and uttered a weird, quavering cry, or whoop. Their tall and well-shaped figures were rather slender and wiry than strongly-built; but the alertness and eagerness expressed in every muscle and feature as they stood awaiting the signal to start, and the fleet motion of their bare limbs as they flew liked winged creatures down the course, are things never to be forgotten. Their naked bodies were painted in stripes of white and blue, or brown, reminding one of the English athlete's jersey; around their loins they wore tunics of bright-coloured cotton, trimmed, according to the taste of the wearer, with little bells or fringes of brilliant cottonwood leaves. The sides of their arms and legs were adorned with bands of downy, white and grey feathers, stuck to the skin with pitch. More feathers, bells, and leaves were fastened in their flowing black hair; some had diadems of long feathers stuck round their foreheads, others had huge horns of them behind their ears. Their faces were painted with bands of red, white, and yellow—in short, they wore full dress. These young bucks were placed in semi-circles, facing east and west, one at either end of the 300-yard course, each circle having an equal number of members from the rival sides. Now two runners, each representing a side, start from the eastward circle, and before one can see it, they have reached the winning-line of the westward one. But as the foot of the foremost runner

touches the line, one of his comrades in the westward circle flies away down the course, whereas the rival competitor here must wait to start till *his* man gets in. And so on, backwards and forwards, till every one has run in turn. Thus the man who gets ahead in the first race usually determines the issue of the whole, as the start he gets is carried forward by his side, and the rival runners seldom have time to make up the lost ground. Nevertheless, the race is watched with breathless interest, and it is exciting to see the agonised impatience, the quivering muscles, of the poor handicapped runners, who may not start till the lagging comrade is in. Occasionally the Indians would give vent to their excitement in a whoop, or a Mexican would bolt across the road on his impatient horse, while the old officials with their branches waved back the picturesque, excited, surging crowd. Once a drunken Apache and a Pueblo, eager probably for the honour of his side, got to fighting right under the shrine of red boughs, to which the saint had been carried in procession at the beginning of the race. They were soon down on the ground, with finger's in each other's scalp locks, and the Apache presently whipped out his weapons, but upon this the alcalde had the combatants separated, and the Apache was subsequently observed, looking chastened and subdued! When the race ended, which it did in favour of the southern Pueblo, the runners formed into lines, and set up their hopping and whooping once more, while from the terraces all the squaws flung loaves of black bread to the victors, much as other people would throw flowers on a like occasion.

The great excitement of the day being over, many spectators withdrew, and the Indian crowd collected about the booths, which were now set up on the empty racecourse by Mexican sellers of fruit, maize, and wheat. Close by one of these booths was a deep pit, protected by a high fence and furnished with a ladder which led

abruptly into the depths below. Several other such pits surrounded the Pueblo, and we learned that these were the estufas or sacred places of the Pueblo Indians. Here the chief still holds councils with his *braves*—here the fire to Montezuma used to be kept brightly burning; it is even affirmed that a few coals of that fire are still kept alive—a token of the lingering life of the old superstitions. The people are very shy of letting outsiders know anything about these secrets, and seldom let any one descend into the estufas, where some very ancient and curious frescoes are told to be seen. The Catholic priests, however, feel assured that they still cling in their hearts to many of the old beliefs, and tell how the Indian youths may be seen morning and evening on the river banks, facing the rising or the setting sun, and singing a solemn chant, while they watch for the coming of the Montezuma.

The sight of these mysterious caverns contrasted strangely with the appearance of the merry crowd in the square. Groups of brown-faced, bright-eyed girls, in snowy moccasins and leggings and bright draperies, gathered round the baskets of fruit, or munched their peaches contentedly, leaning against the queer old adobe ovens; and in the dust at their feet, papooses rolled about, their small, wise faces painted

with dabs of vermilion. Presently the groups were stirred into greater animation by the arrival of a band of youths—probably the runners of the morning, for their bodies were still painted and befeathered—but they had blacked their faces and presented a truly fiendish appearance. They skipped about like imps, frightening the babies, stealing the Mexican's wares, dancing, singing, playing the most fantastic pranks, and even making a mock attack upon the astonished tourists. The square was still in a turmoil when we left it at the close of this burning, bewildering day, taking with us kindly farewells from some of our acquaintances among these simple people. Poor souls! if it be indeed true that their race is dying out, they will at any rate carry safely with them to the grave their mysteries and their traditions. Yet, looking back at the untiring, eager crowd, beside the brown terraced building, with its glorious background of mountain, wood, and sky, it seemed hard to think that in a short time—short compared with the centuries it has seen—that strange old pile may be nothing but a ruin, to mark the burying-place of the last sons of the soil.

ALMA STRETTELL.



## THE PEDIGREE OF WHEAT.

WHEAT ranks by origin as a degenerate and degraded lily. Such in brief is the proposition which this paper sets out to prove, and which the whole course of evolutionary botany tends every day more and more fully to confirm. By thus from the very outset placing clearly before our eyes the goal of our argument, we shall be able the better to understand as we go whither each item of the cumulative evidence is really tending. We must endeavour to start with the simplest forms of the great group of plants to which the cereals and the other grasses belong, and we must try to see by what steps this primitive type gave birth, first to the brilliantly-coloured lilies, next to the degraded rushes and sedges, and then to the still more degenerate grasses, from one or other of whose richer grains man has finally developed his wheat, his rice, his millet, and his barley. We shall thus trace throughout the whole pedigree of wheat from the time when its ancestors first diverged from the common stock of the lilies and the water-plaintains, to the time when savage man found it growing wild among the untilled plains of prehistoric Asia, and took it under his special protection in the little garden plots around his wattled hut, whence it has gradually altered under his constant selection into the golden grain that now covers half the lowland tilth of Europe and America. There is no page in botanical history more full of genuine romance than this; and there is no page in which the evidence is clearer or more convincing for those who will take the easy trouble to read it aright.

The fixed point from which we start is the primitive and undifferentiated ancestral flowering plant. Into the previous history of the line from which

the cereals are ultimately descended, I do not propose here to enter. It must suffice for our present purpose to say dogmatically that the flowering plants as a whole derive their origin from a still earlier flowerless stock, akin in many points to the ferns and the club-mosses, but differing from them in the relatively important part borne in its economy by the mechanism for cross-fertilization. The earliest flowering plant of the great monocotyledonous division (the only one with which we shall here have anything to do) started apparently by possessing a very simple and inconspicuous blossom, with a central row of three ovaries, surrounded by two or more rows of three stamens each, without any coloured petals or other ornamental adjuncts of any sort. I need hardly explain even to the unbotanical reader at the present day that the ovaries contain the embryo seeds, and that they only swell into fertile fruits after they have been duly impregnated by pollen from the stamens, preferably those of another plant, or at least of another blossom on the same stem. Seeds fertilised by pollen from their own flower, as Mr. Darwin has shown, produce relatively weak and sickly seedlings; seeds fertilised by pollen from a sister plant of the same species produce relatively strong and hearty seedlings. The two cases are exactly analogous to the effects of breeding in and in or of an infusion of fresh blood among races of men and animals. Hence it naturally happens that those plants whose organisation in any way favours the ready transference of pollen from one flower to another gain an advantage in the struggle for existence, and so tend on the average to thrive and to survive; while those plants whose organization renders such transference difficult or impossible stand at

a constant disadvantage in the race for life, and are liable to fall behind in the contest, or at least to survive only in the most unfavourable and least occupied parts of the vegetal economy. Familiar as this principle has now become to all scientific biologists, it is yet so absolutely necessary for the comprehension of the present question, whose key-note it forms, that I shall make no apology for thus once more stating it at the outset as the general law which must guide us through all the intricacies of the development of wheat.

Our primitive ancestral lily, not yet a lily or anything else nameable in our existing terms, had thus, to start with, one triple set of ovaries, and about three triple sets of pollen-bearing stamens; and to the very end this triple arrangement may be traced under more or less difficult disguises in every one of its numerous modern descendants. No single survivor, however, now represents for us this earliest ideal stage; we can only infer its existence from the diverse forms assumed by its various divergent modifications at the present day, all of which show many signs of being ultimately derived from some such primordial and simple ancestor. The first step in advance consisted in the acquisition of petals, which are now possessed in a more or less rudimentary shape by all the tribe of trinary flowers, or at least if quite absent are shown to have been once present by intermediate links or by abortive rudiments. There are even now flowers of this class which do not at present possess any observable petals at all; but these can be shown (as we shall see hereafter) not to be unaltered descendants of the prime type, but on the contrary to be very degraded and profoundly modified forms, derived from later petal-bearing ancestors, and still connected with their petal-bearing allies by all stages of intervening degeneracy. The original petalless lily has long since died out before the fierce competition of its own more advanced descendants; and the exist-

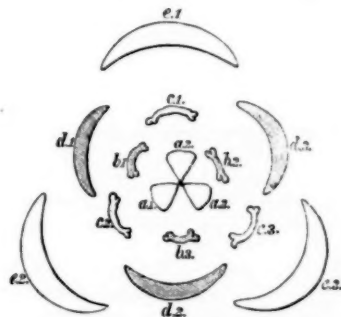
ing petalless reeds or cuckoo-pints, as well as the apparently petalless wheats and grasses, are special adaptive forms of the newer petal-bearing rushes and lilies.

The origin of the coloured petals is almost certainly due to the selective action of primæval insects. The soft pollen, and perhaps too the slight natural exudations around the early flowers, afforded food to the ancestral creatures not then fully developed into anything that we could distinctively call a bee or a butterfly. But as the insects flew about from one head to another in search of such food, they carried small quantities of pollen with them from flower to flower. This pollen, brushed from their bodies on to the sensitive surface of the ovaries, fertilised the embryo seeds, and so gave the fortunate plants which happened to attract the insects all the benefits of a salutary cross. Accordingly, the more the flowers succeeded in attracting the eyes of their winged guests, the better were they likely to succeed in the struggle for existence. In some cases, the outer row of stamens appears to have become flattened and petal-like, as still often happens with plants in the rich soil of our gardens; and in these flatter stamens the oxidised juices assumed perhaps a livelier yellow than even the central stamens themselves. If the flowers had fertilised their own ovaries this change would of course have proved disadvantageous, by depriving them entirely of the services of one row of stamens; for the new flattened and petal-like structures lost at once the habit of producing pollen. But their value as attractive organs for alluring the eyes of insects more than counterbalanced this slight apparent disadvantage; and the new petal-bearing blossoms soon outstripped and utterly lived down all their simpler petalless allies. By devoting one outer row of stamens to the function of alluring the fertilising flies, they have secured the great benefit of perpetual cross-fertilization, and so have got the

better of all their less developed competitors. At the same time, the exudations at the base of the petals have assumed the definite form of sweet nectar or honey, a liquid which is mainly composed of sugar, that universal allurer of animal tastes. By this means the plants save their pollen from depredations, and at the same time offer the insects a more effectual because a more palatable sort of bribe.

Passing rapidly over these already familiar initial stages, we may go on to those more special and distinctive facts which peculiarly concern the ancestry of the lilies and cereals. It is probable that the nearest modern analogue of the earliest petal-bearing trinary flowers is to be found in the existing alisma tribe, including our own English arrowheads and flowering rushes. As a rule, indeed, it may be said that freshwater plants and animals tend to preserve for us very ancient types indeed; and all the alismas are marsh or pond flowers of an extremely simple character. They have usually three greenish sepals outside each blossom, inclosing one whorl of three white or pink petals, two or three whorls of three stamens each, and a number of separate ovaries, which are not united, as in the more developed true lilies, into a single capsule, but remain quite distinct, each with its own individual stigma or sensitive surface. Even within this relatively early and simple group, however, several gradations of development may yet be traced. I incline to believe that our English smaller alisma, a not uncommon plant in wet ditches and marshes throughout the whole of southern Britain, represents the very earliest petal-bearing type in this line of development; indeed, save that its petals are now pinky-white, while those of the original ancestor were almost certainly yellow, we might almost say that the marsh-weed in question was really the earliest petal-bearing plant of which we are in search. It closely resembles in appearance, and in the arrangement of its

parts, the buttercups, which are the earliest existing members of the other or quinary division of flowering plants; and in both we seem to get a survival of a still earlier common ancestor, only that in the one the parts are arranged in rows of three, while in the other they are arranged in rows of five; and concomitantly with this distinction go the two or three other distinctions which mark off the two main classes from one another—namely, that the one has leaves with parallel veins, only one seed-leaf to the embryo, and an endogenous stem, while the other has leaves with netted veins, two seed-leaves to the embryo, and an exogenous stem. Nevertheless, in spite of such fundamental differences, we may say that the alismas and the buttercups really stand very close to one another in the order of development. When the two main branches of flowering plants first diverged from one another, the earliest petal-bearing form they produced on one divergent branch was the alisma, or something very like it; the earliest petal-bearing form they produced on the other divergent branch was the buttercup, or something very like it. Hence, whenever we have to deal with the pedigree of either great line, the fixed historical point from which we must needs set out must always be the typical alismas or the typical buttercups. The accompanying diagram will show at once



a, ovaries; b, stamens, inner whorl; c, stamens, outer whorl; d, petals; e, calyx-pieces.

the relation of parts in the simplest trinary flowers, and will serve for comparison at a later stage of our argument with the arrangement of their degraded descendants, the wheats and grasses.

Our own smaller *alisma* has a number of ovaries loosely scattered about in its centre, as in the buttercups, with two rows of three stamens outside them, and then a single row of three petals, followed by the calyx or inclosing cup of three green pieces. Its close ally the water-plantain, however, shows signs of some advance towards the typical lily form in the arrangement of its ovaries in a single ring, often loosely divisible into three sets. And in the pretty pink flowering rush (not of course a rush at all in the scientific sense) the advance is still more marked in that the number of ovaries is reduced to six, that is to say, two whorls of three each, accompanied by nine stamens, similarly divisible into three rows. In all these very early forms (as in their analogues the buttercups) the main point to notice is this, that there is as yet no regular definiteness in the numerical relations of the parts. They tend to run, it is true, in rows of three; but often these rows are so numerous and so confused that nature loses count, so to speak, and it is only in their higher and more developed members that we begin to arrive at any distinct symmetry, such as that of the flowering rush. Even here, the symmetry is far from being so perfect as in the later lilies. There are, however, a few very special members of the *alisma* family in which the approach to the true lilies is even greater. These are well represented in England by our own common arrow-grasses—inconspicuous little green flowers, with three calyx-pieces, three petals, six stamens, and either six or three ovaries. Here, too, the ovaries are at first united into a single pistil (as it is technically called), though they afterwards separate as they ripen

into three or six distinct little capsules. One of our British kinds, the marsh arrowgrass, has almost reached the lily stage of development; for it has three calyx-pieces, three petals, six stamens, and three ovaries, exactly like the true lilies; but it falls short of their full type in the fact that its pistil divides when ripe into separate capsules, whereas the pistil of the lilies always remains united, to the very end; and this minute difference suffices, in the eyes of systematic botanists, to make it an *alisma* rather than a lily. In reality, it ought to be regarded as a benevolent neutral—a surviving intermediate link between the two larger classes.

The specialisation which makes the true lilies thus depends upon two points. In the first place, all the parts are regularly symmetrical, except that there are two rows of stamens to each one of the other organs: the common formula being three calyx-pieces, three petals, six stamens, and three ovaries. In the second place, the three ovaries are completely combined together into a single three-celled pistil. The advantage which the lilies thus gain is obvious enough. Their bright petals, usually larger and more attractive than those of the *alisms*, allure a sufficient number of insects to enable them to dispense with the numerous stamens and ovaries of their primitive ancestors. Moreover, this diminution in number is accompanied by an increase in effectiveness and specialisation: for the lilies have only three sensitive surfaces to their pistil, combined on a single stalk: and the honey is usually so placed at its base that the insect cannot fail to brush off pollen at every visit against all three surfaces at once. Again, while the number of ovaries has been lessened, the number of seeds in each has been generally increased, which also marks a step in advance, since it allows many seeds to be impregnated by a single act of pollination. The result of all these improvements, carried further by some

lilies than by others, is that the family has absolutely outstripped all others of the trinary class in the race for the possession of the earth, and has now occupied all the most favourable positions in every part of the world. While the alismas and their allies have been so crowded out that they now linger only in a few ponds, marshes, and swamps, to which the more recent lily tribe have not yet had time fully to adapt themselves, the true lilies and their yet more advanced descendants have taken seizin of every climate and every zone upon our planet, and are to be found in every possible position, from the arborescent yuccas and huge agaves of the tropics to the wild hyacinths of our English woodlands and the graceful asphodels of the Mediterranean hill sides.

The lilies themselves, again, do not all stand on one plane of homogeneous evolution. There are different grades of development still surviving among the class itself. The little yellow gagea which grows sparingly in sandy English fields may be taken as a very fair representative of the simplest and earliest true lily type. It bears a small bunch of little golden flowers, only to be distinguished from the higher alismas by their united ovaries: for though both calyx and petals are here brightly coloured, that is also the case in the flowering rushes, and in many others of the alisma group. On the other hand, though it may be said generally of the lilies that their calyx and petals are coloured alike—sometimes so much so as to be practically indistinguishable—yet there are many kinds which still retain the greenish calyx-pieces, and that even in the more developed genera. But most of the lilies are far handsomer than gagea and its allies: even in England itself we have such very conspicuous and attractive flowers as the purple fritillaries, which every Oxford man has gathered by handfuls in the spongy meadows about Ifley lock,

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with their dark spotted petals converging into a bell, and the nectaries at the base producing each a large drop of luscious honey. Some, like our wild hyacinths, have assumed a tubular shape under stress of insect selection, the better to promote proper fertilisation; and at the same time have acquired a blue pigment, to allure the eyes of azure-loving bees. Others have become dappled with spots to act as honey-guides, or have produced brilliant variegated blossoms to attract the attention of great tropical insects. Our British lilies alone comprise such various examples as the lily-of-the-valley, a tubular white scented species, adapted for fertilisation by moths; the very similar Solomon's seal; the butcher's broom; the wild tulip; the star-of-Bethlehem; the various squills; the asparagus; the grape hyacinth; and the meadow saffron. Some of them (for example, asparagus and butcher's broom) have also developed berries in place of dry capsules; and these berries, being eaten by birds which digest the pulp, but not the actual seeds, aid in the dispersion of the seedlings, and so enable the plant to reduce the total number of seeds to three only, or one in each ovary. Among familiar exotics of the same family may be mentioned the hyacinth, tuberose, tulip, asphodel, yucca, and most of the so-called lilies. In short, no tribe supplies us with a greater number of handsome garden flowers, for the most part highly adapted to a very advanced type of insect fertilisation.

Properly to understand the development of our existing wheat from this brilliant and ornamental family, as well as to realize the true nature of its relation to allied orders, we must first glance briefly at the upward evolution of the other branches descended from the true lilies, and then recur to the downward evolution which finally resulted in the production of the degenerate grasses. In the main line of progressive development, the lilies

D



gave origin to the amaryllids, familiarly represented in England by the snowdrops and daffodils, a family which is technically described as differing from the lilies in having an inferior instead of a superior ovary—that is to say, with the pistil apparently placed below instead of above the point where the petals and calyx-pieces are inserted. From the evolutionary point of view, however, this difference merely amounts to saying that the amaryllids are tubular lilies, in which the tube has coalesced with the walls of the ovary, so that the petals seem to begin at its summit instead of at its base. The change gives still greater certainty of impregnation, and therefore benefits the race accordingly. At the same time, the amaryllids, being probably a much newer development than the true lilies, have not yet had leisure to gain quite so firm a footing in the world; though on the other hand many of them are far more minutely adapted for special insect fertilisation than their earlier allies. They include the so-called Guernsey lilies of our gardens, as well as the huge American aloes which all visitors to the Riviera know so well on the dry hills around Nice and Cannes. The iris family are a similar but rather more advanced tribe, with only three stamens instead of six, their superior organisation allowing them readily to dispense with half their complement, and so to attain the perfect trinary symmetry of three sepals, three petals, three stamens, and three ovaries. Among them, the iris and the crocus are circular in shape, but some very advanced types, such as the gladiolus, have acquired a bilateral form, in correlation with special insect visits. From these, the step is not great to the orchids, undoubtedly the highest of all the trinary flowers, with the triple arrangement almost entirely obscured, and with the most extraordinary varieties of adaptation to fertilisation by bees or even by

humming-birds in the most marvellous fashions. Alike by their inferior ovary, their bilateral shape, their single stamen, their remarkable forms, their brilliant colours, and their occasional mimicry of insect life, the orchids show themselves to be by far the highest of the trinary flowers, if not, indeed, of the entire vegetable world.

From this brief sketch of the main line of upward evolution from lilies to orchids, we must now return to the grand junction afforded us by the lilies themselves, and travel down the other line of degeneracy and degradation which leads us on to the grasses and the cereals, including at last our own familiar cultivated wheat. Any trinary flower with three calyx-pieces, three petals, six stamens, and a three-celled pistil not concealed within an inclosing tube, is said to be a lily, as long as it possesses brightly-coloured and delicate petals. There are, however, a large number of somewhat specialised lilies with very small and inconspicuous petals, which have been artificially separated by botanists as the rush family, not because they were really different in any important point of structure from the acknowledged lilies, but merely because they had not got such brilliant and handsome blossoms. These despised and neglected plants, however, supply us with the first downward step on the path of degeneracy which leads at last to the grasses, and they may be considered as intermediate stages in the scale of degradation, fortunately preserved for us by exceptional circumstances to the present day. Even among the true lilies, there are some, like the garlic and onion tribe, which show considerable marks of degeneration, owing to some decline from the type of insect fertilisation to the undesirable habit of fertilising themselves. Thus, while our common English rampsons or wild garlic has pretty and conspicuous white blossoms, some other members of the tribe, such as the crow allium, have very small greenish



flowers, often reduced to mere shapeless bulbs. Among the true rushes, however, the course of development has been somewhat different. These water-weeds have acquired the habit of trusting for fertilisation to the wind, which carries the pollen of one blossom to the sensitive surface of another, perhaps at less trouble and expense to the parent plant than would be necessary for the allurement of bees or flies by all the bribes of brilliant petals and honeyed secretions. To effect this object, their stamens hang out pensive to the breeze, on long slender filaments, so lightly poised that the merest breath of air amply suffices to dislodge the pollen: while the sensitive surface of the ovaries is prolonged into a branched and feathery process, seen under the microscope to be studded with adhesive glandular knobs, which readily catch and retain every golden grain of the fertilising powder which may chance to be wafted toward them on the wings of the wind. Under such circumstances, the rush kind could only lose by possessing brightly-coloured and attractive petals, which would induce insects uselessly to plunder their precious stores: and so all those rushes which showed any tendency in that direction would soon be weeded out by natural selection; while those which produced only dry and inconspicuous petals would become the parents of future generations, and would hand on their own peculiarities to their descendants after them. Thus the existing rushes are all plain little lilies with dry brownish flowers, specially adapted to wind-fertilisation alone.

Among the rushes themselves, again, there are various levels of retrogressive development—retrogressive, that is to say, if we regard the lily family as an absolute standard: for the various alterations undergone by the different flowers are themselves adaptive to their new condition, though that condition is itself decidedly lower than

the one from which they started. The common rush and its immediate congeners resemble the lilies from which they spring in having several seeds in each of the three cells which compose their pistil. But there is an interesting group of small grass-like plants, known as wood-rushes, which combine all the technical characteristics of the true rushes with a general character extremely like that of the grasses. They have long, thin, grass-like blades in the place of leaves; and what is still more important, as indicating an approach to the essentially one-seeded grass tribe, they have only three seeds in the flower, one to each cell of the capsule. These seeds are comparatively large, and are richly stored with food-stuffs for the supply of the young plantlet. One such richly supplied embryo is worth many little unsupported grains, since it stands a much better chance than they do of surviving in the struggle for existence. The wood-rushes may thus be regarded as some of the earliest plants among the great trinary class to adopt those tactics of storing gluten, starch, and other food-stuffs along with the embryo, which have given the cereals their acknowledged superiority as producers of human food. They are closely connected with the rushes, on the one hand, by sundry intermediate species which possess thin leaves instead of cylindrical pithy blades; and they lead on to the grasses, on the other, by reason of their very grass-like foliage, and their reduced number of large, well-furnished, starchy seeds.

In another particular, the rush family supplies us with a useful hint in tracing out the pedigree of the grasses and cereals. Their flowers are for the most part crowded together in large tufts or heads, each containing a considerable number of minute separate blossoms. Even among the true lilies we find some cases of such crowding in the hyacinths and the squills, or still better in the onion and

garlic tribe. But with the wind-fertilised rushes, the grouping together of the flowers has important advantages, because it enables the pollen more easily to fix upon one or other of the sensitive surfaces, as the stalks sway backward and forward before a gentle breeze. Among yet more developed or degraded wind-fertilised plants, this crowding of the blossoms becomes even more conspicuous. A common American rush-like water-plant, known as *ericaulon*, helps us to bridge over the gap between the rushes and such compound flowers as the sedges and grasses. *Eriocaulon* and its allies have always one seed only in each cell of the pistil: and they have also generally a very delicate corolla and calyx, of from four to six pieces, representing the original three sepals and three petals of the lilies and rushes. But their minute blossoms are closely crowded together in globular heads, the stamens and pistils being here divided in separate flowers, though both kinds of flowers are combined in each head. From an ancestral form not unlike this, but still more like the wood rushes, we must get both our sedges and our grasses. And though the sedges themselves do not stand in the direct line of descent to wheat and the other cereals, they are yet so valuable as an illustration from their points of analogy and of difference that we must turn aside for a moment to examine the gradual course of their evolution.

The simplest and most primitive sedges now surviving, though very degenerate in type, yet retain some distinct traces of their derivation from earlier rush-like and lily-like ancestors. In the earliest existing type, known as *scirpus*, the calyx and petals which were brightly coloured in the lilies, and which were reduced to six brown scales in the rushes, have undergone a further degradation to the form of six small dry bristles, which now merely remain as rudimentary relics of

a once useful and beautiful structure. In some species of *scirpus*, too, the number of these bristles is reduced from six to four or three. There is still one whorl of three stamens, however; but the second whorl has disappeared; while the pistil now contains only one seed instead of three; though it still retains some trace of the original three cells in the fact that there are three sensitive surfaces, united together at their base into one stalk or style. Each such diminution in the number of seeds is always accompanied by an increase in the effectiveness of those which remain; the difference is just analogous to that between the myriad ill-provided eggs of the cod, whose young fry are for the most part snapped up as soon as hatched, and the two or three eggs of birds, which watch their brood with such tender care, or the single young of cows, horses, and elephants, which guard their calves or foals almost up to the age of full maturity. What the bird or the animal effects by constant feeding with worms or milk, the plant effects by storing its seed with assorted food stuffs for the sprouting embryo.

In the more advanced or more degenerate sedges we get still further differentiation for the special function of wind-fertilisation. Take as an example of these most developed types on this line of development, the common English group of carices. In these, the flowers have absolutely lost all trace of a perianth (that is to say of the calyx and petals), for they do not possess even the six diminutive bristles which form the last relics of those organs in their allies, the *scirpus* group. Each flower is either male or female, that is to say, it consists of stamens or ovaries alone. The male flowers are represented by a single scale or bract, inclosing three stamens; and in some species even the stamens are reduced to a pair, so that all trace of the original trinary arrangement is absolutely lost. The female flowers are represented by a single ovary, inclosed

in a sort of loose bag, which may perhaps be the final rudiment of a tubular bell-shaped corolla like that of the hyacinth. This ovary contains a single seed, but its shape is often triangular, and it has usually three stigmas or sensitive surfaces, thus dimly pointing back to the three distinct cells of its lily-like ancestors, and the three separate ovaries of its still earlier alisma-like progenitors. In many species, however, even this last souvenir of the trinary type has been utterly obliterated, the ovary having only two stigmas, and assuming a flattened two-sided shape. In all the carices, the flowers are loosely arranged in compact spikes and spikelets, with their mobile stamens hanging out freely to the breeze, and their feathery stigmas prepared to catch the slightest grain of pollen which may happen to be wafted their way by any passing breath of air. The varieties in their arrangement, however, are almost as infinite among the different species as those of the grasses themselves; sometimes the male and female flowers are produced on separate plants; sometimes they grow in separate spikes on the same plant; sometimes the same spike has male flowers at the top and female at the bottom; sometimes the various flowers are mixed up with one another at top and bottom a regular hotch-potch of higgledy-piggledy confusion. But all the sedges alike are very grass-like in their aspect, with thin blades by way of leaves, and blossoms on tall heads as in the grasses. In fact, the two families are never accurately distinguished by any except technical botanists; to the ordinary observer, they are all grasses together, without petty distinctions of genus and species. Like the grasses, too, the sedges are mostly plants of the open wind-swept plains or marshy levels, where the facilities for wind fertilisation are greatest and most constantly present.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The sedges are not, in all probability, a real natural family, but are a group of hetero-

And now, from this illustrative digression, let us hark back again to the junction point of the rushes, whence alike the sedges and the grasses appear to diverge. In order to understand the nature of the steps by which the cereals have been developed from rush-like ancestors, it will be necessary to look shortly at the actual composition of the flower in grasses, which is the only part of their organism differing appreciably from the ordinary lily type. The blossoms of grasses, in their simplest form, consist of several little green florets, arranged in small clusters, known as spikelets, along a single common axis. Of this arrangement, the head of wheat itself offers a familiar and excellent example. If we pull to pieces one of the spikelets composing such a head, we find it to consist of four or five distinct florets. Omitting special features and unnecessary details, we may say that each floret is made up of two chaffy scales, known as pales, and representing the calyx, together with a pair of small white petals known as lodicules, three stamens, and an ovary with two feathery styles. Moreover, the two pales or calyx-pieces are not similar and symmetrical, for the outer one is simple and convex, while the inner one is apparently double, being made up of two pieces rolled into one, and still possessing two green midribs, which show distinctly like ribs on its flat outer surface. Here, it will immediately be apparent, the traces of the original trinary arrangement are very slight indeed.

But when we come to inquire into the rationale and genesis of these curiously one-sided flowers, it is not difficult to see that they have been ultimately derived from trinary blossoms of the rush-like type. The first and most marked divergence from that geneous degraded lilies, containing almost all those kinds in which the reduced florets are covered by a single conspicuous glume-like bract. It will be seen from the sequel that these bracts are not truly analogous to the glumes or outer pales of grasses.

type, for which the analogy of the sedges has already prepared us, is the reduction of the ovary to a single one-seeded cell, whose ripe fruity form is known as a grain. At one time, we may feel pretty sure, there must have existed a group of nascent grasses, which only differed from the wood-rush genus in having a single-celled ovary instead of a three-celled pistil with one seed in each cell; and even the ovary of this primitive grass must have retained one mark of its trinary origin in its possession of three styles to its one grain, thus pointing back (as most sedges still do) to its earlier rush-like origin. That hypothetical form must have had three sepals, three petals, six stamens, and one three-styled ovary. But the peculiar shape of modern grass-flowers is clearly due to their very spiky arrangement along the edge of the axis. In the wood-rushes and the sedges, we see some approach to this condition; but in the grasses, the crowding is far more marked, and the one-sidedness has accordingly become far more conspicuous. Suppose we begin to crowd a number of wind-fertilised lily-like flowers along an axis in this manner, taking care that the stamens and the sensitive feathery styles are always turned outward to catch the breeze (for otherwise they will die out at once), what sort of result shall we finally get?

In the first place, the calyx, consisting of three pieces, will stand towards the crowded stem or axis in such a fashion that one piece will be free and exterior, while two pieces will be interior and next the stem, thus—

$$\begin{array}{c} O \\ a \ a \\ a \end{array}$$

Now, the effect of constant crushing in this direction will be that the two inner calyx-pieces will be slowly dwarfed, and will tend to coalesce with one another; and this is what has actually happened with the inner

pale of wheat and of other grasses, though the mid-ribs of the two originally separate pieces still show on the compound pale, like dark green lines down its centre. Thus, in the fully developed grasses, in place of a trinary calyx, we get two chaffy scales or pales, the outer one representing a single sepal, and the inner one, which has been dwarfed by pressure against the stem, representing two sepals rolled into one, with two mid-ribs still remaining as evidence of their original distinctness.

Next, in the case of the petals, which alternate with the sepals of the calyx, the relation to the stem is exactly reversed; for we have here two petals free and exterior, with one interior petal crowded closely against the axis, thus—

$$\begin{array}{c} O \\ a \\ a \ a \end{array}$$

Here, then, the two external petals will be saved, exactly as the one external sepal was saved in the case of the calyx; and these two petals are represented by the very small white lodicules under the outer pale in our existing wheats and grasses. On the other hand, the inner petal, jammed in between the grain and the inner pale (with the stem at its back), has been utterly crushed out of existence, partly because of its very small size, partly because of its functional uselessness, and partly because it had no other part with which to coalesce, and so to save itself as the inner sepals had managed to do. Moreover, it must be remembered that the sepals do still perform a useful service in protecting the young flower before it opens, and in keeping out noxious insects during the kernal or swelling of the grain; whereas the lodicules or rudimentary petals are now apparently quite functionless; and so we may congratulate ourselves that they are there at all, to preserve for us the true ground-

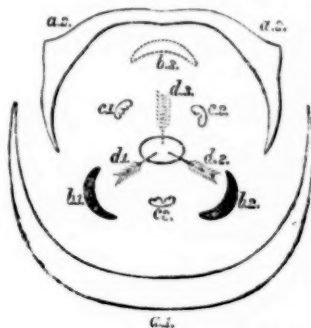
plan of the floral architecture in grasses. Indeed, they have not survived by any means in all grasses; among the smaller and more degraded kinds they are often wholly wanting, having been quite crushed out between the calyx and the grain. It is only the larger and more primitive types that still exhibit them in any great perfection. On the other hand, one group of very large exotic grasses, the bamboos, has three regular petals, thus clearly showing the descent of the family as a whole from rush-like ancestors, and also obviously suggesting that the obsolescence of the inner petal in the other grasses is due to their small size and their closely packed minute flowers.

Among the stamens, one-sidedness has not notably established itself, for in wind-fertilised plants they must necessarily hang out freely to the breeze, and therefore they do not get much crowded between the other parts. A few grasses still even retain their double row of stamens, having six to each floret; but most of them have only one whorl of three. In some of the lower and more degraded forms, however, even the stamens have lost their trinary order, and only two now survive. This is the case in our own very degenerate little sweet-vernal-grass, the plant which imparts its delicious fragrance to new-mown hay. But in the cereals and in most other large species the three stamens still remain in undiminished effectiveness to the present day.

Finally we come to the most important part of all, the ovary. This part, alternating with the stamens, has the same arrangement of styles relatively to the axis as in the case of the petals; and it has undergone precisely the same sort of abortive distortion. The two outer styles, hanging freely out of the calyx, have been preserved like the two outer lodicules; but the inner one, pressed between the grain and the inner pale (with the stem behind it) has been simply

crushed out of existence, like its neighbour the inner lodicule.

Thus the final result is that the whole inner portion of the flower (except as regards stamens) has been distorted or rendered abortive by close pressure against the stem (due to the crowding of the florets in the spiky form), while the whole outer portion remains normal and fully developed. We have an outer pale representing a single normal sepal, and an inner pale representing two dwarfed and united sepals; we have two normal outer lodicules or petals, and a blank where the inner petal ought to be; we have three stamens, symmetrically arranged, among the faithless faithful only found; and we have finally two normal outer styles, with a blank in place of the absent inner style. The accompanying diagram, compared with that already given, will make this perfectly clear.



Here,  $a^1$  represents the outer pale or normal sepal, while  $a^2$  and  $a^3$  represent the inner pale composed of the two united sepals. Again,  $b^1$  and  $b^2$  stand for the two lodicules or surviving petals, while  $b^3$  marks the place of the lost petal, now found in the bamboos alone. The stamens are lettered  $c^1$ ,  $c^2$ , and  $c^3$ . The two existing styles are shown by  $d^1$  and  $d^2$ , while  $d^3$  marks the abortive inner style, now not even present in a rudimentary condition. It will be observed at once

that all the outer side is normal, and all the inner side more or less abortive through pressure against the axis.

Thus it will be seen that the line of links which connects the grasses and cereals with the lilies is absolutely unbroken, and that it consists throughout of one continuous course of degradation. At the same time, by this one-sided and spiky arrangement, the grasses secured for themselves an exceptional advantage in the struggle for existence. No other race of small wind-fertilized plants could compete with them for the possession of the open wind-swept plains; and over all these they spread far and wide, rapidly differentiating themselves into a vast number of divergent genera and species, each adaptively specialised for some peculiar habitat, soil, or climate. At the present time, the grasses number their kinds by thousands; they extend over the whole world from the poles to the equator; and they form the general sward or carpet of greenery over by far the larger portion of the terrestrial globe. Even in Britain alone, with our poor little insular flora, a mere fragment of that belonging to the petty European continent, we number no less than forty-two genera of grasses, distributed into more than one hundred species. In fact, what may fairly be called degradation from one point of view may fairly be called adaptation from another. The organisation of the grasses is certainly lower than that of the lilies, but it fits them better for that station of life to which it has pleased nature to assign them.

The various kinds of grasses differ very little from one another in general plan; the flower in almost all is constructed strictly on the lines above mentioned; and the leaves in almost all are just the same soft pensile blades, making them into the proper green sward for open, unwooded, wind-swept plains. But like almost all other very dominant families, they have split up into an immense number

of kinds, distinguished from one another by minute differences in the arrangement of the florets and the spikelets; and these kinds have again subdivided into more and more minutely different genera and species. One great group, with panicles of a loose character, and very degraded spikelets, has given origin to many southern grasses, from some of which the cultivated millets are derived. Another great group, with usually more spiky inflorescence, has given origin to most of our northern grasses, from some of which the common cereals are derived. This second group has again split up into several others, of which the important one for our present purpose is that of the *Hordeineæ*, or barley-worts. From one of the numerous genera into which the primitive *Hordeineæ* have once more split up, our cultivated barleys take their rise; from another, which here demands further attention, we get our cultivated wheats.

The nearest form to true wheat now found wild in the British Isles is the creeping couch-grass, a perennial closely agreeing in all essential particulars of structure with our cultivated annual wheats. But in the south European region we find in abundance a large series of common wild annual grasses, forming the genus *Ægilops* of technical botany, and exactly resembling true wheat in every point except the size of the grain. One species of this genus, *Ægilops ovata*, a small, hard, wiry annual, is now pretty generally recognised among botanists as the parent of our cultivated corn. There was a good reason, indeed, why primitive man, when he first began to select and rudely till a few seeds for his own use, should have specially affected the grass tribe. No other family of plants has seeds richer in starches and glutens, as indeed might naturally be expected from the extreme diminution in the number of seeds to each flower. On the other hand, the flowers on each plant are



peculiarly numerous; so that we get the combined advantages of many seeds, and rich seeds, so seldom to be found elsewhere, except among the pulse family. The experiments conducted by the Agricultural Society in their College Garden at Cirencester have also shown that careful selection will produce large and rich seeds from *Ægilops ovata*, considerably resembling true wheat, after only a few years' cultivation.

Primitive man, of course, did not proceed nearly so fast as that. Of the very earliest attempts at cultivation of *Ægilops*, all traces are now lost, but we can gather that its tillage must have continued in some unknown western Asiatic region for some time before the neolithic period; for in that period we find a rude early form of wheat already considerably developed among the scanty relics of the Swiss Lake dwellings. The other cultivated plants by which it is there accompanied, and the nature of the garden weeds which had followed in its wake, point back to central or western Asia as the land in which its tillage had first begun. From that region

the Swiss Lake dwellers brought it with them to their new home among the Alpine valleys. It differed much already from the wild *Ægilops* in size and stature; but at the same time it was far from having attained the stately dimensions of our modern corn. The ears found in the Lake dwellings are shorter and narrower than our own; the spikelets stand out more horizontally, and the grains are hardly more than half the size of their modern descendants. The same thing is true in analogous ways with all the cultivated fruits or seeds of the stone age; they are invariably much smaller and poorer than their representatives in existing fields or gardens. From that time to this the process of selection and amelioration has been constant and unbroken, until in our own day the descendants of these little degraded lilies, readapted to new functions under a fresh *régime*, have come to cover almost all the cultivable plains in all civilised countries, and supply by far the largest part of man's food in Europe, Asia, America, and Australia.

GRANT ALLEN.

## SHOOTING THE FALLS.

VIRTUALLY we had done Niagara! Arriving the night previous under the tutelage of an American friend, we had been registered at the Cascade House, and marched up to our rooms to be tired into troublous sleep by the never-ending monotone of the Rapids outside our windows.

In the morning, after a breakfast, the prominent point of which was the intense blackness of the negro waiter who served it, we had been placed in a carriage and taken over what seemed to us a perilous bridge to Goat Island. Round it we had wandered, shuddering at the rush of the white-capped rapids on either side, and wondering why the Island did not slough off bodily into the awful black pool below. We had looked in stolid surprise at the plunge of water over the American Fall, and the filmy dome of white spray rising from the graceful green curves of the still grander Horse Shoe. We had vowed never to trust ourselves again on that flimsy-looking carriage-bridge, suspended two hundred feet in air above unmeasured depths of water. We had been to the Cave of the Winds, but had turned back in dismay at the first sight of the under watery recesses. We had driven down the Canadian side of that black gulf below the falls, scarce a thousand feet wide, but two hundred feet deep, whose seething, boiling, tumbling, racing water seemed like the strivings of something human to leave the ghastly purgatory above, and gain the calm heaven of Lake Ontario, ten miles away and below. We had driven along this gulf to the Whirlpool, in whose circling depths logs and tree-trunks, stripped of bark and water-worn, swept round and round, and anon raised a despairing arm to heaven for help, only to sink back into the toils again. Never did Doré's

illustrations of Dante's *Inferno* give so thorough an ideal of unending, restless striving as did those poor logs, rising, falling, sheering upwards, and subsiding in the cruel swirls of that dark pool.

Almost saddened at the sight, right glad were we to drive back again to the American side by the Lower Bridge, across which we walked to be terrified to the verge of suicide at a sudden vibration, and the rumble of a train passing over our heads, drowning for a time even the roar of the Falls themselves; and then to the whirlpool rapids, down to the level of which we were dropped by an elevator (subsider would seem a more appropriate term). And as we sat and lounged there on the rocks at the water's edge, and looked along the sheer rock walls of the chasm, up and down stream, and at the vast spheroidal waves of green water raising their white caps fifteen feet above our heads, only to subside at our feet, and race past us, and form again just below, we agreed that our American friend had served us well. We had, under his guidance, "done" Niagara, and this last phase was more sublime and glorious than all the others. The helter-skelter of the Rapids at Goat Island was more inspiring; the vast magnificence of the white and iridescent spray of the Falls themselves, those thunder-makers of the monotone that pervaded the air, might have been more striking, the blackness of the great pool more awesome, the yearning for freedom of the bonded tree-stems in the whirlpool, gave us a better idea of the cruel grip the water retains over all that touches it: but here, at the Rapids, the joyous rush and roar of the water, imprisoned long in the black depths of the pool above, and then suddenly broken loose, racing,

swirling, hurrying past us to the calm and placid bosom of Ontario, inspired us. We were roused to enthusiasm over it, and were almost angry with our American friend's breaking in upon our meditation, till the horror of his story so absorbed us, as to make us unconscious of even the water rushing by us, and the hum of the Falls quivering on the air.

About five years ago, said he, suddenly, I was sitting on this same rock, watching the waves break and tower above me, only to fall and worship at my feet and eddy round this little cove, when out of the top of a wave there flashed something so like a human form, that as it hung for a moment in the eddy there, I grabbed at it instinctively, and, with the help of those with me, dragged out on to the rocks the body—whether alive or dead we knew not—of a smart thick-set man of middle age. Part of a sock and the torn waistband of his trousers were all the remnants of clothes he had on; and as we turned him over to try and pump his lungs full of air, we could see cuts, scratches, and livid marks covering his body from brain-pan to tendon Achilles.

One of our party of four, a surgeon, stoutly averred that the man was not beyond all chance of resuscitation; and we had the satisfaction of hearing, after the doctor had worked over him for three or four hours at the nearest house, that the man was actually living, although the thread of life had been so chafed, that any moment the strain of trying to live might snap it.

So as we all lived at Buffalo, only twenty miles away, we agreed to leave the man in the doctor's hands, and return in a couple of days to find out from his own lips the why and wherefore of his most extraordinary appearance, only making our friend promise that we should be present when he told his story.

Many were the theories advanced as we went home, as to who and what was our half-drowned man, and why

and where he had plunged into the Niagara River.

The only reasonable one seemed to be that he must have been a workman on some of the elevators or bridge foundations, who had wandered down along the edge of the water, and slipped into the rapids just above where we rescued him; as it seemed that fifty yards of those pinnacled racing waves would thrash the brains, let alone the life, out of the strongest man alive. But inquiries next day showed that no workman had been missed from the gangs working below the Falls, and no man answering to his description seemed to have been seen at all that day round the Falls or the rapids below them. We had therefore to wait for word from the doctor, and speculate as to whether it was a suicide or murder, planned so skilfully as to be entirely—or at least so far—unexplainable.

The second day came; and with it word from the doctor that the patient was trembling in the balance between life and death. As might have been expected, there was a general complication, and the symptoms he showed of a man recovering from the last stage of drowning were really the least serious. The bruises on his whole body, taken in conjunction with a marked weakness of stomach, tended to show that there were internal injuries—in fact it was almost impossible to imagine a man so knocked about outwardly, and yet whole within.

The long spells of torpor, broken with sudden bursts of nervous horror, accompanied by spasmodic tremblings of the limbs, during which he would continually cry out, indicated a terrible shock to the nervous system as well; and when these nervous fits were over, and just as the exhaustion from them set in, there was an evident wish, without the physical power to do it, to make some statement—to describe what had happened, the doctor supposed. Often he would mutter the words, "Niagara," and again "The Falls." "Altogether," our friend

wrote us, "there is something queer behind it all, which I should like to fathom; so, as the man may die any moment, hold yourselves in readiness to come down for the ante-mortem statement on receipt of a telegram, in case I have time to send it, and in case you care to come."

Whether it was natural curiosity or whether there was a real interest in the poor wretch we had so far saved, I know not. Suffice it to say, we had thought and talked so much over the matter, that it had taken complete hold on us; and the excitement was intense, when, as on the evening of the fourth day we were dining together at the club, a telegram was handed to one of us, containing these words:—

"Come quick, all three of you.  
"X."

There was five minutes to catch the train for Niagara Falls. We caught it, and never did railway journey seem so long. Every moment was an hour.

A hack, with the doctor's assistant, was waiting for us at the Falls Station, and almost before we could get any information out of him regarding the patient, we were at the house, where the doctor himself met us, and drew us into the room.

We were all of us intensely excited, and even the doctor's imperturbable calm seemed ruffled.

"Boys," said he, "listen! The man is between life and death; but he is conscious of all around him now, and seems to be of what has passed. He wants to tell his story. Whether he lives through the recital is a question. I think he may, and at all events he has a secret that he must get rid of, or it will kill him. It is easy to see that. I've tried to explain to him his danger; but he's as deaf as a post, poor wretch! I think he understood though, for he said to me with a strong Italian accent—'I tell queek, or I die.'

"But now, promise to be careful;

don't express surprise at anything you see or hear; for the man's life hangs on a thread."

The room into which the doctor then ushered us was large and comfortable, but for the gloomy light of a shaded lamp and the natural shock at first sight of the figure propped up in bed on pillows in the furthest corner of the room.

The patient's face was livid. From under intensely black arched eyebrows, eyes, so far sunken as to disappear altogether but for their brightness, gleamed at us through the half-light. In spite of the breadth of shoulder and muscular chest, the lower part of the body seemed to have shrunk fearfully, even since we had seen him last; and his hands toyed and clutched nervously at the sheet.

A priest, whose black dress and austere face helped nothing to lighten up the sombre picture, came forward from the side of the bed as we entered, motioned us to chairs, and said—"Gentlemen, be seated. Doctor! the rites of the Church have been administered; but our patient says that he has a statement to make, which he wishes me not to incorporate into his confession, but that he would like to make it before the gentlemen who saved him, who I presume are the ones present. I administered the rites *in extremis*, as I feared he might not be able to tell all his tale; and have given him the absolution: but we must be our own judges, gentlemen, after we have heard it, as to whether the story should be kept secret or not."

We all bowed assent; the priest drew back, and the doctor took his station by the patient.

The man had evidently understood that the time was come to speak, for after a gleam of recognition as we came into the room, he had closed his eyes; and lay still, nerving himself for the effort.

The silence after the priest had ceased speaking was fearfully oppressive. The whole facts connected with the case were so curious. The finding

of an almost dead man in those rapids—his wish to communicate something—the solemnity of the priest, and the gloom of the chamber, all added to our curiosity, but mellowed it with a feeling of sorrow and sympathy for the dying man.

Hush! he speaks—and with a soft Italian accent that I do not pretend to give, but which seemed to put us, if possible, more *en rapport* with our patient than before.

"I was a poor fishermann Italiano. I liff in Buffalo. I go with my boy to fish bass de other day in de river. I was well then. You see me now, dying—dead—worse than dead! Were I dead I could get the horror out of me—out of my ears, out of my brain, out of my body, out of my being!" And he hissed out the last words with an energy of despair never to be forgotten. "But I must be calma. I go I say, to fish bass down de river in my leetle boat. Others was fishing down de river; I catch no fish. I go down past Internat'nal Bridge, past French'a creek, past Gran I-land, to de head of Navy I-land, but no fish. I go near to de foot of Navy I-land. You know dat is de head of de rapid above Goat I-land. I was starving. Dere was no fish to catch in de lake, none in de river; but I had a family, and I must catch fish, or dey must starve. I say to my boy, 'You sit still and troll, and I row de boat across de head of de Rapid. The fish are dere. If we do not catch fish we starve and die; if we go over de rapid we die, 'cause we go over de Falls.' My boy he say notings, and we now row across de head of de rapid. On a sudden de boy he catch a black bass, and another; and we row across again, and again we catch plenty black bass—big, three, four pounda. I find I can hold my boat at de head of de rapid, so de trolling lines run in de white breakers, and we catch more fish. My boy he got one black bass on eacha line—heavy, big ones; and I forget myself, and reacha forward to

take one of de lines. A big log, which got away from de Tonawanda Saw Mill, strike de boat—break one oar. I jump de other out of de showl-pin—and, my God! dere was I and my boy—my poor, poora boy, in de rapid, and no oars.

"De log and de boat race down together through de white waves of de rapid towards de head of Goat I-land. We see de trees of Goat I-land get larger and larger. We see de rocks at de head of de island, and I haf some hope de boat strand on there and we make out to shore.

"De poora boy was too frighten to say or do; he only crouch in de stern of de boat, and laff as if he is mad. I sit in de fowerd thwart, and I could say no more than 'Be brave! perhaps we may get ont a Goat I-land.' But all de time de log he follow us, rising on de top of de white caps as if he want to crush us. I call for help; but who can hear in that noise of water? Ah! if other noise had not drown it out, I tink I hear that noise still!

"Presently we get to de head of de i-land. De log still follow us, and I tell my boy, 'Get ready to jump when we strike.' De boat take a swirl round, and de i-land close under us, when de log he rise on a white cap, and he strike down on to de boat. De boat capsize. I grab de log, and race with it past de i-land; but my boy—my poora boy—I never see him. And then, gentlemen, I care not. I know I go over de American Falls, unless dat man at de point of rocks catch me. Den I tink boats has gone over de Falls—dogs has gone over de Falls—and come out safe. Why cannot man? I will go over de Falls and live; so my wife and family do not starve, for if I die they must starve!

"But oh! kind gentlemen"—breaking from rather a low, monotonous tone of relation into an impassioned burst—"you will not see my leetle ones starve!"

So struck were we with the man's

story so far, and so puzzled as to what would come next, that what we answered I know not. At all events, it could have had no significance to the poor deaf wretch, as he still kept on imploring, till X., who always did the right thing at the right time, pulled out some money and placed it in his patient's lap—an example followed by each other of the listeners.

The haggard, worn face lighted up for a moment with a gleam of beatific thankfulness, and the light sank again so low in the socket that even the doctor thought it was all over. But No ; a hypodermic injection and a small amount of stimulant fanned the spark into flame, and almost ere the priest had commenced "Gentlemen, this is a most remarkable statement!" our patient began again, in a more animated tone.

"Yes, gentlemen, I tink of my wife and children. I try to live for dem ; but I see little chance if de man on de point of rock not see me. Every swirl bring me closer to him. I see de bridge across to Goat I-land, two hundred feet away. I see de next eddy brings me round under de rock where de man stand. I shout to him, 'Get a pole and hold out to me.' He run round to de bridge to catch me. Ah! fool! he fall down, and not reach de bridge in time. I grab at de bridge four feet too high. I miss it, and den I go down de rapids past de Cataract House, and I know dere is no help—I must go over de Falls. I see dem near. De roar get louder and louder ; de Rapids get swifter and swifter ; de log turn round once, twice, and den his lower end shoot out over into de air, and we go over de Fall—de log and I."

I confess we had been utterly unprepared for this statement. The thing seemed so preposterous, that a man should go down those rapids over a 160 feet fall, escape the undertow of the great pool, run the lower rapid for two miles, and still be alive to tell the tale, that no one had expected it. Each one had thought that

in some miraculous way he had avoided the Falls. The idea struck us as so impossible that one and all stared at each other aghast.

And while no one wished to hurt the poor wretch in the smallest way, there was such an unmistakable "I don't believe it" written on every countenance (the priest's excepted), that at a glance the man realised it, and the hot southern blood welled up.

"Heh! heh! You don'ta believe me, gentlemen," he gasped, almost furious with passion.

"Say yes! say yes! nod your heads ; give assent in some way," said the doctor quickly, "or you'll lose the story, and I shall lose my patient."

We gave assent so far as we were able by signs and looks, till he rejoined :—

"Ah, gentlemen! you believe me? I do not know. You say you believe me, but I's afraid you say you believe till you hear de end, and den you shrug your shoulders and say, 'Poor Italiano, great liar!'"

The earnestness and impressiveness of the man was such that no one could disbelieve! and our protestations both by word and dumb show seemed to convince him sufficiently to continue as follows :—

"Yes, gentlemen, I go over de Falls. I go over, as many other have gone ; but when dey get to de brink dey give up and die of fright before dey get to de bottom. I live till I get to de bottom. I not die then—but I die now—tree, four, days after.

"As I go over I lose de log, and I see nothing, feel nothing, hear nothing, all through me but de roar of de Falls. I get, I tinks, two gasps of breath, and den I feel de water pulling this way, pulling that, pulling every way, till I tinks I was pulled in pieces, but all de time de roar of de Falls in my ears ; unless I get rid of that I lose my head, and go mad. On a sudden something seem to seize my legs and pull me down, and a great weight press my



head down, down, down, and I lose de sound of de Falls, and float away under water, so dreamy and happy to lose de noise—for how long I know not—when I wake down on de great pool far below de Fall, lying on my back in de water, and looking up at de sky; and as I came to myself de roar of de Falls grow upon me again till I say, death is better than living with dat noise in my ears, and I rise up in de water. I see de rocks close on my right, I see de great white wall of water on de American side; I see de black water of de pool right across to de white spray rising from de Horse Shoe. I see de carriages on de banks, and de flowers and de trees growing on de rocks. I see de Suspension Bridge up in de air, all in one hurried picture, and I tink of my wife and childrens as de noise of de Falls come over me again and shut out all else, and I throw up my hands to die. I feel de water dragging, dragging at my feet, carrying me on, on towards de rapids, and den I remember no more except de noise of de Falls in my ears and de straining of de waters in de rapids, till I find myself lying on dis bed, and I hear nothing but de noise in my ears, till at last I remember all about de reason for it; and I know that I was de only man to go over Niagara Falls and live!"

Nothing could have been more conciliatory, we imagined, than our looks: but the suspicion again came over him

that we did not believe the story; and suddenly raising himself on his two hands off his pillows he glared upon us with the fury of dying energy, and hissed out between his closed lips and set teeth—

"One of yo'selvas go over da Falls—you believe him! but you no believea poora Italiano!"

The jaw dropped; the arms trembled at the elbow, and he fell back on his pillows.

"God forgive you, gentlemen," said the priest, "by your unbelief you have killed the man you had saved."

\* \* \* \*

There was a long pause; each one looked at the seething boiling rapids, rising and falling in gigantic waves, as they swept by, and weighed the chance a man would have for life in them; let alone over and under the Falls themselves, till one bolder than the rest said to the narrator—

"Well it is a most extraordinary story. Did you believe it?"

"No!" he answered, laconically.

"Did the priest?"

"Not entirely," said he, "but there's no use raising a question against its authenticity. You have enjoyed your last half hour, not least of your other experiences at the Falls. Agree to let it be one of your experiences, and as we have only just time to catch our train let us go!"

M. K.

## THE POEM OF PENTAUR.

THE name of the poet Pentaure has long lain very literally buried with that of his hero and patron, Rameses II.; but of the Egyptian conqueror a legendary fame survived all historic record, and time and the successive waves of foreign invasion that have swept over what was once his kingdom, have not been able wholly to destroy, or even deface, the monuments of his greatness. A colossal head emerging from the smooth stream of the desert sand where it pours down the cliffs of Nubia to the Nile, the outline of a grim warrior-form half-visible above the level plain of winter vegetation or summer flood, the double crown of Egypt rising from the unclean soil of an Arab village—these and similar relics have made for Rameses through all ages a silent protest against oblivion. But there was nothing to speak even thus vaguely of his laureate, Pentaure, the Theban scribe, who, in the seventh year of the king's reign, won the prize with his song of how Rameses went up against Kadesh, and how, single-handed, he conquered the Chief of the Khitat and all his champions—a song in the sense that it was doubtless intended to be chanted or recited, but also an official account of the conquest of the Hittites, whose empire, according to some authorities, foreran that of the Assyrians in Western Asia.

This, "the most ancient heroic poem in the world," is preserved in a papyrus said to have been bought some fifty years ago of an Egyptian sailor, and now in the British Museum. It is also inscribed on the walls of Abydos, Luxor, Karnak, and that greatest, weirdest creation of the Ramesean age, the rock temple of Ipsamboul. On those walls every incident of the campaign is minutely and vigorously illustrated by contemporary artists; the river full of fish and crocodiles, over which the army had to pass, the walled city of Kadesh and the ordered hosts of the Khita, the Egyptian camp, and, dominant over all, the mighty form of the conqueror himself, rushing to battle in his light, two-horsed chariot, swinging his sword over the heads of his cowering captives, or throned in state, supported by the gods, his progenitors and protectors.

The poem opens with a list of the nations conquered by Rameses Miamun. The praise of the "youthful king," "like a grim lion in a valley of gazelles," is then sung at length, and there follows a detailed account of the setting forth of the Egyptian monarch and his army from the city of Rameses and their arrival before the city of Kadesh. Here, owing to treachery, they were surprised while still on the march by the whole force of the enemy, consisting of the Hittites, Dardanians, Mesopotamians, and other tribes, known and unknown. The central incident of the poem is the great deed of arms done by King Rameses, when, the first legion of Ammon being wholly overthrown and his chosen champions put to flight, he was left alone surrounded by the enemy, and, according to his courtier-poet, unaided obtained the victory. The remainder consists of the reproaches addressed by the King to his fugitive captains, in the course of which he, to some extent, repeats the description previously given of him in battle; an account of the fight which took place on the next day, differing little from the preceding one, except that Rameses is no longer "alone with no other"; the final submission of the Chief of the Khita—who at this point ceases to be "the *vile*" to become "the *great* chief"—and the return of the King to Thebes.

The work as a whole has much the same merits and demerits as the painting and sculpture of the same age and country—considerable vigour in the delineation

tion of certain figures, and much historical and local faithfulness of representation, with a monotony so great that, at first sight, it appears repetition, and, partly in consequence of this, an entire want of general dramatic effect. Neither the scribe nor the artist, it is true, fail to make their royal hero a sufficiently prominent figure, but the main incident, even when it seems most unavoidably the central point of the whole, they skilfully contrive to lower in value till it has to be painfully disentangled from a mass of equally emphasised episodes.

The strong local colour of the Poem of Pentaur gives it a special interest to the traveller in Egypt, who sees on every side those "everlasting stones," of which the poet tells, the "houses built for a million of years," their massive pylons now no longer adorned with masts, but still when the sun is low darkening long tracts of sand with their shadow, the lonely obelisks of rosy granite that shoot up flame-like into the blue Egyptian sky, and that latest and uninscribed, and yet most interesting, one which lies, and has lain, for thousands of years in the quarry at Syene, vainly awaiting transport to Thebes or Memphis or Heliopolis.

Of Pentaur himself nothing is known except that he was a priest of Ammon, whose love of "Wein, Weib, und Gesang" made him obnoxious to the severe superiors of his order, that he was a royal scribe, and that he lived to be an old man.

The whole of his poem has been translated by Professor Lushington and Dr. Brugsch, and in endeavouring to reproduce the most dramatic portion in English verse I have followed as closely as possible their prose versions, though I must plead guilty to having omitted much and condensed more.

KING RAMESES marched to the Northward, to the borders of Kadesh he came,  
He marched like his father Mentu<sup>1</sup> for Orontes that waters the same  
With the troop that has "Victory Bringer" and the name of the King for its  
name.

But ere he was come to the city the Vile One of Khita arose,  
From the shores of the sea unto Khita he summoned King Rameses' foes,  
They gathered as grasshoppers gather, like locusts assembled they lay  
And covered the mountains and valleys, and no man was left by the way.  
There led them the lord of the Khita and bore with him treasures untold,  
He emptied the realm of its treasure, he stript it of silver and gold.

Like sand were the men and the horses, he had gathered them all to the war;  
The well-armed champions of Khita stood three upon every car,  
Countless they crouched in their ambush, they were hidden west of the town,  
They rushed on the troop of the sun-god,<sup>2</sup> and horse and foot went down.  
Yea, unawares they had smitten the host of the King and possessed  
Kadesh that lies by Orontes, on the bank of the stream to the West.

King Rameses heard and he armed him, like Mentu he rose in his pow'r,  
He seized his arms for the battle, he clutched them like Bar<sup>3</sup> in his hour,  
And swift from their stalls in the vanguard, from the stable of Rameses came  
His steeds that were mighty to bear him—"Vict'ry in Thebes" was their  
name—

Fast, fast in his fury he drave them, he brake through the ranks of the foe,  
The King he alone and none other—then he turned to behold them, and lo!

<sup>1</sup> *Mentu*—the Egyptian war-god.

<sup>2</sup> The first legion of Ammon.

<sup>3</sup> *Bar*, a war-god of foreign origin—perhaps Baal.

The chariots of Khita by thousands had compassed him round and there lay  
The hosts of the Vile One of Khita as a bar in King Rameses' way,  
Of the tribes of the sea and the mountain, the numberless nations from far,  
And the bravest champions of Khita stood three upon every car.

"Was there one of my chariots with me? Of my captains and lords was there one?"

Nay, but they fled from the battle, and Pharaoh remained there alone."

Then Rameses cried unto Ammon—"Beniest thou, father, thy son?"

Wherein have I sinned against Ammon, what deed without him have I done?

The laws of thy mouth I transgressed not, nor went from thy counsels astray,  
Mine eyes have waited upon thee, and my feet have walked in thy way.

And now under foot by the herdsmen shall the great one of Egypt be trod?

Thou, Ammon, subduest the people and the nation that knoweth not God.

Are the monuments vain I have made thee? For nought was the sacrifice slain?

The thousands of bulls for thine altars and captives in throngs for thy fane,  
And lands hast thou counted as nothing? and treasures as utterly vain?

All odorous woods I have brought thee, the incense was sweet in my hand.

I finished thy courts, and thy gateways of stone overshadow the land,

With masts I adorned thee the portals—'tis I who have brought unto thee

The obelisks hewn at Syene, and galleys that bear o'er the sea

The wealth of the world to thine altars the hand of King Rameses steers—

I have given thee stone everlasting, a house for a million of years.

Such gifts were they given aforetime? Of old hast thou witnessed the same?

On him who rejecteth thy counsels, on him be confusion and shame,

But I who have honoured thee, Ammon, my father I call on thy name.

The multitudes gather against me, I stand amid nations unknown,

I stand here alone with no other, they are many and I am alone;

My chariots and horsemen have left me, they heeded me not when I cried.

But better than millions of horsemen, ay better than sons at my side,

And more than a thousand of brothers though marshalled about me they fought,

Is Ammon who maketh the labour of multitudes even as nought.

Behold it is thou that hast done it, I blame not thy counsels, I cry

To the ends of the earth, I invoke thee!"

The house of Hermonthis on high

Re-echoed the voice of my crying, he heard and he came like the wind,

I shouted for joy at his coming, as hast'ning he called from behind—

"It is I, it is Ammon thy father, I am eager to help thee my son,

The lord and the lover of heroes, even Ra the victorious one,

My heart has rejoiced in thy valour, I stretch forth my hand to the fray,

And better than millions of horsemen shall Ammon befriend thee to-day."

He spake and the word was accomplished. Like Mentu I shoot to the right,  
I grasp to the left in my fury, I break them as Bar in his might.

Two thousand five hundred the chariots, I see them, they shall not withstand,

I am there in the midst with my horses, I trample them as it were sand.

They found not their hands for the battle, amazement befel them and fear,

They slackened the bow-string before me, they knew not to handle the spear;

Yea, one on another I hurled them and headlong they fell in the flood,

As crocodiles fall in the river so fell they, I drank of their blood.

King Rameses said, "'Tis my pleasure that none shall return from the fight,

Not one shall arise of the fallen, nor any look back unto flight."

And there was the Vile One of Khita, he stood 'mid his legions to see.  
Beholding the valour of Pharaoh he trembled, he turned him to flee.  
The King was alone. Then he mustered his bravest and sent them to slay  
King Rameses, numberless horsemen assembled in battle array.

\* \* \* \* \*

I say to my hand, "Thou shalt taste them," and, lo, in a moment of space  
I spring like a flame to devour them—they perish each one in his place.  
I hear through the wind of my rushing how one of them cries to the other—  
"Not a man, not a man is against us, beware of the god, O my brother!"  
The mighty have seen him and straightway their arrows have dropped from  
the bow,

They lift not a hand when he cometh, his countenance layeth them low.  
Like Ra in the front of the morning his quiver is laden with flame,  
'Tis Sechet<sup>1</sup> consumes us before him, 'tis Bar that possesses his frame."

Like a griffin the King has pursued them, they come to the meeting of ways.  
They flee but they cannot escape him, he calls to his men as he slays—  
"Ho, courage my horsemen and footmen! Look back for a little and see  
How I conquer alone with no other but Ammon that fighteth for me."  
My charioteer, even Menna, was with me and he was afraid,  
In the press of the chariots he trembled, his spirit was greatly dismayed,  
"O Prince and protector of Egypt, O gracious and mighty," he saith,  
"Thou fightest alone against many, how now canst thou save us our breath?  
King Rameses, gracious and mighty, we cannot escape from our death."  
But Rameses cried to him, "Courage, ho, courage, my charioteer!  
Behold, as a hawk I will pierce them and rend them, why then shouldst thou  
fear?

And what to thy heart are these herdsmen, since Ra will not brighten his  
face,

On millions of such, the ungodly, he loveth to humble their race."  
King Rameses rushed on the vanguard, he brake through the ranks of the foe,  
Six times he has sundered and broken the ranks of the Khita and low  
He has laid them, the caitiffs of Khita, they trembled before him and quailed,  
They fled but they could not escape him, like Bar in his hour he prevailed.

\* \* \* \* \*

And now when my horsemen and footmen beheld me they worshipped afar,  
They praised me as Mentu the mighty, the sword unresisted of Ra;  
For the god, yea, the god, was beside me, 'twas he who had brought it to pass  
That nations were scattered before me and were to my hor es as grass.  
They marched from the camp in the evening, they came i their wonder and  
stood

Where I brake through the tribes and the mighty of Khita lay whelmed in  
their blood,

The sons of the chief and the kinsfolk—and morning arose on the plain,  
It lighted the field, and in Kadesh was nowhere to tread for the slain.

MARGARET L. WOODS.

<sup>1</sup> Sechet or Set, the power of evil.

## HOME RULE UNDER THE ROMAN EMPIRE.

VERY few subjects ought to have more interest for Englishmen than the study of the constitution and organisation of the Roman Empire, for the analogy between it and our own empire is complete. Both grew out of very small beginnings, both have been world-wide in extent, and both have been ruled in much the same manner and by much the same methods. Yet while Continental scholars, French and German in particular, have bestowed much attention on this point, producing able and exhaustive memoirs upon it, it has been almost wholly neglected in England. Our universities, which should be the natural homes of such studies, have treated them with absolute contempt. Our professors of Latin and Greek have in too many instances been so afraid of spoiling their style that they have refused even to look at the writers of the later Empire. So far indeed have some of them carried their purism, as to remain in ignorance of much more than the mere names of such authors as Aristides, Suetonius, Dio Cassius, Libanius, Hierocles, Ammianus Marcellinus, Sulpicius Severus, Julius Capitolinus, Lampridius, Vopiscus, and other writers of the Augustan history. When such has been the feeling among the teachers, it is no wonder that the pupils have known nothing of the literature, history, and organisation of the Empire. Yet one feels it strange that the countrymen of Gibbon—whose history is nowadays much more praised than read—have not had their curiosity, at least, roused by this topic.

In the Roman Empire we have a system which lasted in vigorous existence for full fifteen centuries; which even yet in its laws and institutions lives and influences mankind. Surely no topic could well be more worthy the study of the citizens of an empire not yet three centuries old than the

methods by which such a government was conducted. We propose now to direct attention to one single branch of this subject, which will serve to correct some misapprehensions about Roman Imperial rule, and will at the same time furnish an illustration of the rich materials for the internal history of the Empire which the industry and researches of modern scholars are daily accumulating. The general impression among educated men concerning the Roman Empire is somewhat like the following: That it was the typical example of a great centralised despotism of blood and iron, where all life and vigour was drawn from the extremities and concentrated at Rome; that the provinces were ruled by harsh and stern magistrates, whose great object in life was simply to use their temporary government for their own personal aggrandisement; that these magistrates were unrestrained in their action by any local checks, and that against their oppression private individuals had no other remedy than the uncertain chance of a prosecution before the emperor in the far distant capital, where, doubtless, money and influence and class-feeling would be pretty sure to defeat any aggrieved provincial. Such an idea would not indeed be far astray concerning the provincial administration under the Republic; and its wide spread is, we suppose, due to the fact that the orations of Cicero against Verres for his malpractices in Sicily are the staple source whence most men—even the best classical scholars—have derived their knowledge of the subject. At school or college men read these treatises; they never pause to ask themselves when they were delivered; they seldom take the trouble to distinguish between one century and another, between one epoch and another, between the Republic and the Empire,



between the Early Empire, the Lower Empire, and the Byzantine Empire, and they therefore conclude that what was true of one period was true of every period; which is much the same as if a foreign student of English history were to conclude that because Henry VIII. executed his wives at pleasure, and levied taxes at will, such was the normal state of the British empire three centuries later.

In reading history, mental co-ordination of dates, a vivid and constant realisation of the order of time, is even more necessary than a knowledge of localities and places, while again both are required if such a study is to be really profitable. This may be exemplified by the history of Roman provincial administration. Under the Republic it was certainly corrupt, stern, and cruel, practically unlimited abroad, practically free from investigation at home. Under the Empire, as established and organised by Augustus, this was all changed. Augustus not only established the Roman Empire, but also purified and reformed the Roman administration. Thus among his other vital and far-seeing changes, he reformed the higher Civil Service, so as to secure for the most distant provinces a rule of justice, equity, and purity, such as they had never hitherto possessed. Augustus proved what history frequently shows, that a despotism is often more careful of the temporal welfare of subject races than states like Republics, governed by more popular forms, which are apt to be blindly and stupidly selfish. One principal instrument in effecting this reform was the introduction of local self-government, or, as we have called it, Home Rule, among the Romans. The Republic had found local representative assemblies existing wherever Greek civilisation and Greek colonies had penetrated. They were found in Asia Minor, Greece, Sicily, but were at once put down in every place save in one district of Asia Minor and in Sicily. In the latter island the Commune or General Assembly continued

in Cicero's time to exercise very important functions, similar to those possessed by the local assemblies under the Empire; while as to Lycia in Asia Minor, Strabo, writing under Augustus, tells us that "they alone of all the nations" had been permitted by the Republic to retain the laws, institutions, and representative assembly of their ancestors. The General Assembly he thus describes (Geog. xiv. iii.), "There are twenty-three cities in the Lycian General Assembly which have votes. They assemble from each city at a general congress, and select what city they please for their place of meeting. Each of the large cities commands three votes, those of intermediate importance two, and the rest one. They contribute in the same proportion to taxes and other public charges. At the congress a lyciarch is first elected, then the other officers of the body. Public tribunals are also appointed for the administration of justice. Formerly they deliberated about peace and war and alliances; but this is not now permitted, as these things are under the control of the Romans. It is only done by their own (Roman) consent, or when it may be for their own (Roman) advantage. The judges and magistrates are elected according to the number of votes belonging to each city." In this Lycian assembly we find, then, the representative principle, the power of levying taxes, electing magistrates, administering justice, and even partially controlling foreign affairs; powers very similar to those possessed by the Parliaments of the Canadian Dominion, the Cape, or our Australian Colonies. This Lycian assembly seems to have been the model upon which was framed the plan of reform inaugurated by Augustus. The origin or at least the occasion of this reform was very simple. The worship of the emperors, living and dead alike, is a very curious subject. As to its origin, it was no invention of the Romans. The ancient Egyptians, the Ptolemies, the Greeks, had practised the worship

of kings and heroes. Pagan rationalists, indeed, like Euhemerus and Palaephatus, explained the worship of the gods as originating in this way. Similar honour had been rendered even to pro-consuls, bad and good alike. Sicily instituted *fêtes* and raised statues to Verres. Cilicia built a temple in honour of Appius, Cicero's predecessor, who had almost ruined it. As to its effects upon the Empire, we believe that it must have exercised a very degrading and disintegrating influence, and must have largely helped the spread and triumph of Christianity. Men with any spiritual light must have been disgusted when they found a Nero, a Domitian, a Commodus, a Caracalla, elevated, while yet alive and perpetrating their villanies, to the rank and honours of deities. Yet the introduction of this practice was the occasion of a salutary reform. Julius Caesar passed away, and his apotheosis or elevation to the rank of a god was decreed. During the prosperous reign of Augustus, this practice received a further development in east and west alike. After the battle of Actium, Augustus permitted temples to be raised in honour of Caesar and the city of Rome, at Ephesus, Nicæa, Pergamum, and Nicomedia, and in connection therewith, ordained the celebration of sacred games, including gladiatorial shows, and such like exhibitions.

In Gaul, the worship of Augustus himself prevailed, as Strabo informs us when treating of the city of Lyons, which was even then developing the splendours of a metropolis, enjoying, as it did, some special privileges granted to no other provincial capital. Its prefect, or lord lieutenant in modern phraseology, had the exceptional right of coining gold and silver. It was the only city in the Empire where a detachment of the Roman city guard was stationed; just as the household troops are now confined to London and Windsor. In return for these and other exceptional favours, the Gallic confederate cities which regarded Lyons as their head, decreed a festival and erected an

altar and temple to the deity of Augustus, the pillars of which to this day decorate one of the chief churches of Lyons. The Emperor seized upon this festival, and organised in connection with it a general assembly of the Gallic provinces upon the Lycian model, which continued to meet and exercise ever increasing powers from the time of Augustus to the middle or close of the fifth century at least. The functions of this assembly seem at first to have been almost purely religious. They elected a chief priest to discharge the religious duties connected with the altar of Augustus, they instituted games, gladiatorial contests, literary recitals which took place annually in the month of August, and levied contributions upon the several cities to defray the expenses thereof.<sup>1</sup> But they soon advanced farther. They voted statues and tablets in honour of popular magistrates, they claimed the right to send embassies to the emperor, they received communications from him, and soon became the official channel through which the complaints of the whole nation found access to the emperor. A celebrated tablet discovered at Thorigny, in France, and restored by Mommsen, explains their functions in this last respect. It was erected A.D. 238 by the city of Vieux, and contains valuable documents, illustrating the Roman administration of that date. One of them is a copy of a letter from a certain *Ædinus Julianus* to another official, *Badius Cominianus*, giving him hints about the government of Gaul, derived from previous experience. He enters even into personal details, just as one chief secretary or lord lieutenant might

<sup>1</sup> The influence of these local assemblies upon literature and art seems to have been very considerable. As regards art, a glance through the third volume of M. Waddington's great work, *Voyage Archéologique dans l'Asie Mineure*, will show how they stimulated local talent. They also helped literary effort. The knowledge of Greek, preserved in Gaul till the Middle Ages, when long since dead in Rome, may have been largely due to the festival connected with the Gallic Assembly. Comp. Suetonius, *Caligula*, c. xx.

write to another about the most important personages of Dublin society. It describes one man who was evidently a staunch friend of Roman authority: "In the province of Lyons I have been acquainted with very many honourable men, specially the priest Solemnis from the city of Vidocassium (Vieux), whom I loved for his mode of life, gravity, and upright conduct. In addition, when some members of the Gallic council attempted to get up a public prosecution, as if by the authority of the province, against my predecessor, Cl. Paulinus, because he had punished them as they deserved, that same friend of mine, Solemnis, opposed the proposal, declaring that his constituents, when they elected him a delegate, said nothing about a prosecution, but rather spoke of him with approbation." The local Gallic parliament was clearly then invested with the powers of instituting public prosecutions against unjust governors, and was entitled to carry them on at the public expense. It is manifest that a representative council, exercising such important functions, must have formed a very important limitation indeed upon the immense power possessed by the imperial officials.

In Asia Minor this system of self-government found its largest development, as it was there also it seems to have taken its rise, securing to that country a measure of liberty and local independence greater than it has ever since possessed. Every separate province of Asia Minor, as indeed every separate province of the whole Empire, had its local parliament. Let us just take two instances which will illustrate the genius for government possessed by ancient Rome. Galatia was, as every person knows, a thoroughly Celtic province, possessing the virtues and the vices too—specially that of fickleness, as St. Paul's Epistle to the Galatians shows—peculiar to that race.

The Romans established, about the date of the Christian era, a temple and council, with all their attendant organisation, at Ancyra, the modern

Angora, the capital of Galatia. In Boeckh's *Corpus Inscriptionum Græcarum*, No. 4039, we find an inscription from Ancyra describing the games celebrated every five years in connection with this council, between the years ten and thirty of our era. The Romans knew the Celtic character right well, and understood that it required for peace and contentment, not so much good legislation or justice or liberty, as *panem et circenses*, refreshments and recreation, as we might translate that vigorous phrase. In the Ancyra inscription, glorifying the chief officials in the celebrations, we find mention of the spectacles, the gymnastic contests, the gladiatorial shows, the wild beast fights, the frequent offering of hecatombs, but special notice is reserved for certain persons who gave banquets to two whole cities, and entertained three entire tribes, the Tectosages, the Tolistobogi, and the Troemi. Perhaps a hint taken from this ancient quarter might have made the English rule in Ireland more loved and appreciated by the masses than it is. The Assembly of the province of Asia is, however, the body which meets us most frequently in history. It is scarcely necessary to explain to any educated person that the province of Asia must be clearly distinguished from Asia Minor, as the Roman province embraced merely a very small portion of what we understand by the latter name. It was a narrow strip of territory running down the west coast of Asia Minor, containing, however, some of the richest and most famous cities of antiquity, as Ephesus, Smyrna, Sardis, and Pergamum.

The Assembly of Asia was doubtless instituted by Augustus, since a priest of Asia, or Asiarch, named Bonnatius, is mentioned in a description of Sardis at the close of the reign of Tiberius, while again we find another, Julius Cleon, under Nero; so that it was in active operation early in the first century. Of this Assembly we get frequent glimpses during the second century. Eusebius in his

*Ecclesiastical History*, as we shall have further occasion to notice; Galen, the physician; and Ælius Aristides, famous as sophist, spiritualist, and valetudinarian;<sup>1</sup> in later times still the Theodosian and Justinian codes notice the action or the organisation of this body.

From a comparison of our various sources of information with the numerous inscriptions relating to the Assembly of Asia, we gain a pretty clear notion of its organisation, powers, and mode of action; though on some points there is still great difference of opinion among the most distinguished authorities, such as Waddington, Marquardt, and Mommsen, about which we must refer the historical student to the discussions and treatises mentioned at the close of our article. As soon as the deputies were assembled, which took place in Gaul every August, their first duty seems to have been the election of a president, who was variously called the chief priest of Asia, Bithynia, Galatia, Gaul, as the case might be, or asiarch, bithyniarch, &c.

The offices of provincial high priest and of asiarch<sup>2</sup> were objects of men's highest ambition, but they were at the same time very expensive positions, as these officials were compelled

to exhibit magnificent games at their own expense—some of them indeed even keeping bands of gladiators to minister to the public taste for bloodshed. This fact of course limited the choice to men of great wealth. So burdensome indeed was the office that Septimius Severus, towards the close of the second century, promulgated a decree exempting the fathers of five children from any liability to serve as asiarchs.

The office of high priest of Asia, Galatia, and the other provinces, continued till the time of Julian at least, who strove to use it as one means of galvanising the old pagan hierarchy. Two epistles are still extant in his collected letters addressed by him to those officials, stirring them up to imitate the zeal and charity of the Christian priesthood, and ordaining a very elaborate ritual, evidently shaped after the Christian model. The office may easily have flourished even into the fifth century, as the worship of the Caesars did not by any means terminate with the triumph of Christianity. In the fifth and sixth centuries the title "Divus" was still applied to the Emperors, and their household was still called the divine family.

The election of the chief priest or asiarch was made in the following way. The whole Assembly voted for a select list of notables, and then submitted that list to the proconsul, who chose the name most agreeable to himself. This was doubtless a very necessary check, as otherwise these local assemblies might have developed a very troublesome amount of independence and self-assertion. Such a limitation too on their election was only in accordance with right reason and the highest political principles, which entrust the power of life and death to the executive of the State alone; since during the celebration of the games and meeting of the Assembly the president possessed this power, possibly superseding for the time all other jurisdiction. This appears out of the Acts of Polycarp's Martyrdom—one of the

<sup>1</sup> The spiritualistic trances of Aristides, and the table-turnings and spirit-rappings of the Emperor Julian's time, prove the truth of Solomon's words, "There is nothing new under the sun." Aristides flourished in the latter half of the second century. He was a friend of Marcus Aurelius and a devoted pagan. Yet strangely enough his *Sacred Orations* have served, in the hands of that accomplished archaeologist and statesman, M. Waddington, to illustrate and clear up the martyrdom and chronology of the celebrated Christian saint, Polycarp.

<sup>2</sup> Waddington and Marquardt differ about the nature of the asiarch's office. Waddington distinguishes the high priest of Asia from the asiarchs. There was but one high priest, there were numerous asiarchs. Marquardt identifies them, explaining the undoubted fact that numerous asiarchs appear in history at the same time, by the hypothesis that the office of asiarch was a kind of life peerage, and conferred a life title. Either theory is reconcilable with, and an interesting illustration of, Acts xix. 31, quoted below.

most genuine and precious pieces of Christian antiquity—where we are told (c. 12) that the whole mob of Smyrna “cried out and besought Philip the Asiarch to let loose a lion upon Polycarp. But Philip answered that it was not lawful for him to do so, seeing the shows of wild beasts were already finished.” Whereupon he suffered death at the hands of the imperial officers. These assemblies appointed other officials—a treasurer, for instance, who received and accounted for the contributions levied upon the cities of the province in their due proportion towards the maintenance of the imperial cult, and the other expenses of their organisation; a secretary or scribe, who recorded their proceedings; besides various other functionaries, whose existence the discoveries of archæology are every day revealing; such as registrars of voters, who, answering to our revising barristers, made out the list of persons in each city qualified to exercise the franchise. The right of representation was wholly confined to towns; there was nothing answering to our county franchise or representation.

The General Assembly of Asia as thus organised is frequently noticed in history. It appears in connection with St. Paul's life as recorded in the Acts of the Apostles. We may just mention that the cities which possessed temples dedicated to the emperors, where these provincial assemblies were held, were called *Νεωκόροι*, or temple-guardians, a title of honour which they jealously preserved long after its *raison d'être* had ceased to exist, and Christianity had become the religion of the State. This will explain the expressions used in Acts xix. 34, 35, as translated in the Revised Version: “But when they perceived that he was a Jew, all with one voice about the space of two hours cried out, Great is Diana of the Ephesians.” And when the town-clerk or scribe—a title which Waddington has discovered in connection with an asiarch Munatius—had quieted the multitude, “he saith, Ye men of Ephesus, what man

is there who knoweth not how that the city of the Ephesians is temple-keeper of the great Diana, and of the image which fell down from Jupiter?” Again, previous to this incident, we read in the 31st verse: “And certain also of the asiarchs—or chief officers of Asia—being his friends, sent unto him, and besought him not to adventure himself into the theatre.” So that St. Paul's visit to Ephesus, and the riot provoked by that visit, seem to have been in some way connected with the meeting of the Assembly of Asia and the games associated therewith. As an additional confirmation of the accuracy and early date of the Acts, we may mention that the first instance yet discovered of the application of this title *Νεωκόρος* to Ephesus is found upon a coin dating from this very period, the reign of Nero. If we ever get sufficient light upon this subject, these hints and coincidences may help us to determine somewhat more accurately the chronology of St. Paul's life and work. If, for instance, we should ever discover the series of tablets on which probably the proceedings of these assemblies were recorded—and such may yet lie hid amid the ruins of Smyrna, Sardis, or Ephesus, and be brought to light by the researches of our own Society for the Promotion of Hellenic Studies—we might be able to identify the town clerk and the asiarch of that day. And as to the possibility of such a discovery, the wondrous find of the whole series of records belonging to the Arval Brothers at Rome, extending from very early times down to the middle of the fourth century, is a sufficient instance.

During the persecutions of the second century these local assemblies were very active all over the Empire, as naturally might have been expected, they being the official guardians of that worship of the emperors which was most offensive to the Christian conscience. Thus in the account of Polycarp's martyrdom, preserved by Eusebius in the fourth book of his history, we are told that Herod the



Irenarch, or chief of the local police, taking the Christian bishop into his chariot, tried to persuade him to comply with the customs and law of the Assembly. "For what harm, said Herod, is there in saying Lord Caesar, and sacrificing, and thus saving your life?" Even the emperors had to interfere, in order to restrain the persecuting zeal of these assemblies. Thus Melito, in his *Apology*, mentions rescripts addressed by Antoninus Pius to the Assembly of all the Greeks; and Eusebius inserts another, whose authenticity however is doubtful, addressed by the same emperor to the Assembly of Asia, enforcing a certain amount of toleration towards Christians.

In the martyrdom of Polycarp at Smyrna the officials of the Assembly took, as we have noted, a very active share; while in the most famous of all Western martyrdoms—that of Blandina and the martyrs of Lyons under Marcus Aurelius, A.D. 177—the whole affair seems to have formed part of the ceremonial connected with the General Assembly of Gaul—a point upon which M. Renan, in his work on Marcus Aurelius, gives many interesting particulars.

These local legislatures were not confined to the provinces we have mentioned, which we have taken merely as types of the rest. Marquardt points out that they existed in Germany, the Danubian provinces, Thrace, Dalmatia, Syria, Phœnicia, North Africa, and even in Britain, where they formed in all probability the organisation to which the Romans committed the administration of our island when leaving it for good. In Italy too they found a place. Campania, Etruria, Umbria have yielded inscriptions testifying to the active existence of such bodies down to the time of Constantine the Great. Is it too wild a suggestion that they may have exercised an important influence on the rise and development of our modern parliaments? They certainly existed in Southern Gaul till the break up of the Empire and the rise of the mediæval states.

The Roman code has preserved for us an edict addressed to the seven provinces of Gaul by the Emperor Honorius about the year 418, enlarging the functions and powers of this ancient General Assembly. It is a significant proof of the ignorance prevalent till lately upon this subject, that Gibbon with all his vast knowledge writes thus about this edict at the close of his 31st chapter: "If such an institution which gave the people an interest in their own government had been universally established by Trajan or the Antonines, the seeds of public wisdom and virtue might have been cherished and propagated in the Empire of Rome;" a passage which clearly proves that he never heard of the prior existence of such assemblies, and regarded them as an invention of Honorius to save a falling empire.<sup>1</sup> The text of this edict strengthens our suggestion as to the connection between these assemblies and our modern parliaments, as in the assemblies thus reformed and enlarged by Honorius a place is found not only for the magistrates and representatives of the people, but also for the bishops of some sixty cities. It would be a wonderful instance of historic continuity if the English Parliament of 1882 could be traced back to the Lycian Assembly of Strabo's day, and through it to the still earlier popular assemblies of Greece and her colonies. The student anxious for further information on this interesting topic may be referred to an article by Marquardt in *Ephemeris Epigraphica* for 1872, p. 200-214; to Becker and Marquardt, *Handb. der Römisch. Alterthümer*, iii. 267; to Le Bas and Waddington's *Voyage Archéolog.* t. iii.; and to an article by Aug. Bernard, on Representative Institutions among the Romans, in *Rev. Archéologique*, t. ix. N. Série.

GEORGE T. STOKES.

<sup>1</sup> Guizot, in his *History of Civilisation*, Lecture ii., gives the words of this edict, but, like Gibbon, imagines it a novel device of the Emperor Honorius.



## HEINRICH HEINE: A PLEA.

"That blackguard Heine."—CARLYLE.

"'Who was Heine?' A wicked man."—CHARLES KINGSLEY.

THERE are some persons, some places, some things which fall all too easily into ready-made definitions. Labels lie temptingly to hand, and specimens get duly docketed—"rich as a Jew," perhaps, or "happy as a king"—with a promptitude and a precision which is not a trifle provoking to people of a nicely discriminative turn of mind. The amiable optimism which insists on an inseparable union between a Jew and his money, and discerns an alliterative link between kings and contentment, or makes now and again a monopoly of the virtues by labelling them "Christian," has a good deal to do with the manufacture of debateable definitions, and the ready fitting of slop-made judgments. Scores of such shallow platitudes occur to one's memory, some mischievous, some monotonous, some simply meaningless, and many of the most complacent have been tacked on to the telling of a life story brimful of contradictions, and running counter to most of the conventionalities. The story of one who was a Jew, and poor; a convert, without the zeal; a model of resignation, and yet no Christian; a poet, born under sternest conditions of prose and with sad claims, by right of race, to the scorn of scorn and hate of hate which we have been told is exclusively a poet's appanage—surely a story hardly susceptible of being summed up in an epithet. It is a life which has been told often, in many languages, and in much detail; this small sketch will glance only at such portions of it as seem to suggest the clue to a juster reading and a kindlier conclusion.

It was in the last month of the last year of the eighteenth century, in the little town of Dusseldorf in South Germany, that their eldest son Hein-

rich, or Harry as he seems to have been called in the family circle, was born unto Samson Heine, dealer in cloth, and Betty his wife. That eighteenth century had been but a dreary one for the Jews of Europe. It set in darkness on Heine's cradle, and on his "mattress grave," some fifty years later, the dawn of nineteenth century civilisation, for them, had scarcely broken. "The heaviest burden that men can lay upon us," wrote Spinoza, "is not that they persecute us with their hatred and scorn, but it is by the planting of hatred and scorn in our souls. That is what does not let us breathe freely or see clearly." This subtlest effect of the poison of persecution seemed to have entered the Jewish system. Warned off from the high-roads of life, and shunned for shambling along its bye-paths, the banned and persecuted race, looking out on the world from their ghettos, had grown to see most things in false perspective. Self loomed large on their blank horizon, and gold shone more golden in the gloom. God the Father, whose service demanded such daily sacrifice, had lost something of that divinest attribute; men, our brothers, could the words have borne any but a "tribal" sound? Still, in those dim, dream-peopled ghettos where visions of the absent, the distant, and the past must have come to further perplex and confuse the present, one actuality seems to have been grasped among the shadows, one ideal attained amid all the grim realities of that most miserable time. Home life and family affection had a sacredness for the worst of these poor sordid Jews in a sense which, to the best of those sottish little German potentates who so conscientiously despised them, would have been unmeaning. Maidens were

honourably wed, and wives honoured and children cherished in those wretched Judensträssen, where "the houses look as if they could tell sorrowful stories," after a fashion quite unknown at any, save the most exceptional, of the numerous coarse, corrupt, and ludicrously consequential little courts which were, at that period, representative of German culture.

The marriage of Heine's parents had been one of those faithful unions, under superficially unequal conditions for which Jews seem to have a genius. It had been something of the old story, "she was beautiful, and he fell in love;" she pretty, piquant, cultivated, and the daughter of a physician of some local standing; he, just a respectable member of a respectable trading family, and ordinary all round, save for the distinction of one rich relative, a banker brother at Hamburg.

Betty's attractions, however, were all dangerous and undesirable possessions in the eyes of a prudent Jewish parent of the period, and Dr. von Geldern appears to have gladly given this charming daughter of his into the safe ownership of her somewhat commonplace wooer, whose chiefest faculty would seem to have been that of appreciation. It proved, nevertheless, a sufficiently happy marriage, and Betty herself, although possibly rather an acquiescent daughter than a responsive bride in the preliminaries, developed into a faithful wife and a most devoted mother, utilizing her artistic tastes and her bright energy in the education of her children, and finding full satisfaction for her warm heart in their affection. Her eldest born was always passionately attached to her, and in the days of his youth, as in the years that so speedily "drew nigh with no pleasure in them," unto those latest of the "evil days" when he lay so unconscionably long a-dying, and wrote long playful letters to her full of tender deceit, telling of health and wealth and friends, in place of pain and poverty and disease, all through that bitter brilliant life of his, Heinrich Heine's relations with his

mother were altogether beautiful, and go far to refute the criticism attributed, with I know not how much of truth, to Goethe, that "the poet had every capacity save that for love!" "In real love, as in perfect music," says Bulwer Lytton in one of his novels, "there must be a certain duration of time." Heine's attachment to his mother was just life-long; his first love he never forgot, nor, indeed, wholly forgave, and his devotion to his grisette wife not only preceded marriage, but survived it. Poor Heine! was it his genius or his race, or something of both, which conferred on him that fatal *pierre de touche* as regards reputation, "*il déplaît invariablement à tous les imbeciles*"?

In the very early boyhood of Heine some light broke in on the thick darkness, social and political which enveloped Jewish fortunes. It was only a fitful gleam from the meteor-like course of the first Napoleon, but during those few years when, as Heine puts it, "all boundaries were dislocated," the Duchy of Berg, and its capital Dusseldorf, in common with more important states, were created French, and the Code Napoléon took the place for a while of that other unwritten code in which the Jews were pariahs, to be condemned without evidence, and sentenced without appeal. Although the French occupation of Berg lasted unluckily but a few years (1806 till 1813), it did wonders in the way of individual civilisation, and Joachim Murat, during his governorship, seems really to have succeeded in introducing something of the "sweet pineapple odour of politeness," which Heine later notes as a characteristic of French manners, into the boorish, beerish little German principality. Although the time was all too short, and the conscription too universal for much national improvement to become evident, German burghers as well as German Jews had cause to rejoice in the change of rule. We hear of no "noble" privileges, no licensed immunities over immoralities during the term of the French occupation, and

some healthier amusements than Jew-baiting were provided for the populace. With the departure of the French troops the clouds gathered again, which needed the storm of the '48 revolution to be effectually dispersed. Still the foreign government, short as it was, had lasted long enough to make an impression for life on Heinrich Heine, and its most immediate effect was in the school influences it brought to bear upon him. Throughout all the states brought under French control, public education, by the Imperial edict of 1808, was settled on one broad system, and put under the general direction of the French Minister of Instruction. In accordance with this decree some suitable building in each selected district had to be utilised for class-rooms, the students had to be put into uniform, the teachers had to be Frenchmen, and all subjects had to be taught through the medium of that language. The lycée at Düsseldorf was set up in an ancient Franciscan convent, and hither at the age of ten was Heine daily despatched. A bright little auburn-haired lad, full of fun and mischief, and mother-taught up to this date save for some small amount of Hebrew drilling which he seems to have received at the hands of a neighbouring Jewish instructor of youth, Harry had everything to learn, and discipline and the Latin declensions were among the first and greatest of his difficulties. Poet nature and boy nature were both strong in him, and it was so hard to sit droning out long dull lists of words, which he was quite sure the originators of them had never had to do, for "if the Romans had had first to learn Latin," he ruminated, "they never would have had time to conquer the world"—so impossible he found it to keep his eyes on the page, whilst the very notes were dancing in the sunshine as it poured in through the old convent window, which was set just too high in the wall for a safe jump into freedom. One day the need of sympathy, and possibly some unconscious association from the dim old cloister,

proved momentarily too strong for the impressionable little lad's Jewish instincts; he came across a crucifix in some forgotten niche of the transformed convent; he looked up, he tells us, at the roughly carved figure, and dropping on his knees, prayed an earnest heterodox prayer, "Oh, Thou poor once persecuted God, do help me, if possible, to keep the irregular verbs in my head!"

Jewish instincts we said, and they could have been scarcely more, for neither at home, at school, nor in the streets was the atmosphere the boy breathed favourable to the development of religious principles. The Judaism of that age was, superficially, very much what the age had made of it; and its followers and its persecutors alike combined to render it mightily unattractive to susceptible natures. Samson Heine, stolid and respectable, we may imagine doing his religious, as he did all his other duties and avocations, in solemn routine fashion, laying heavy honest hands on each prose detail, and letting every bit of poetic meaning slip through his fat fingers, whilst his bright eager wife, with her large ideas and her small vanities, ruled her household, and read her Rousseau, and, feeling the outer world shut from her by religion, and the higher world barred from her by ritual, found the whole thing cramping and unsatisfying to the last degree. "Happy is he whom his mother teacheth" runs an old Talmudic proverb, but among the mother-taught lessons of his childhood, the best was missing to Heinrich Heine—the real difference between "holy and profane" he never rightly learnt, and thus it came to pass that Jewish instincts—an ineradicable and an inalienable, but alas! an incomplete inheritance of the sons of Israel—were all that Judaism gave to this poet of Jewish race. One lingers over these early influences, the right understanding of which goes far to supply the key to some of the later puzzles; these early years give too the silver lining to the gathering clouds, though oddly enough the clouds which

by and by hid the blue are discernible from the very first, but in view of the dark days coming one rejoices that Heine's childhood at least was a happy one. At home the merry, mischievous boy was quite a hero to his two younger brothers, and a hero and a companion both to his only sister, the Löttchen who was the occasion of his earliest recorded composition. It is a favourite recollection of this lady, who is living still, how she, a blushing little maid of ten, won a good deal of unmerited praise for a school theme till her trembling confession was extorted that the real author was her brother Harry. His mother too was exceedingly proud of her handsome eldest son, whose resemblance in many ways to her was the sweetest flattery. And besides the adoring home circle Harry had found a great ally for play hours in an old French ex-drummer, who had marched to victory with Napoleon's legions, and who had plenty of tales to tell the boy of the wonderful invincible Kaiser, whom one day—blest never-to-be-forgotten vision—the boy actually saw ride through Dusseldorf on his famous white steed (1810). Heine never quite lost the glamour cast over him in his youth: France, Germany, Judea, each in a sense his *patria*, was each, in the time to come, "loved both ways," each in turn mocked at bitterly enough when the mood was on him, but always with France, the "poet of the nations" as our own English poetess calls her, the sympathies of this cosmopolitan poet were keenest—a perhaps not unnatural state of feeling when we reflect how fact and fiction both combined to produce it. The French occupation of the principality had been a veritable deliverance to its inhabitants, Christian and Jewish alike, and what boy, in his own person, led out of bondage, would not have thrilled to such stories as the old drummer had to tell of the real living hero of it all? And the boy in question we must bear in mind was a poet *in posse*.

In school, in spite of the difficulties with the irregular verbs, Harry seems to have held his own, and to have soon

attracted the especial attention of the director. The chief selected for the lycée at Dusseldorf had happened to be a Roman Catholic Abbé of decidedly Voltairian views on most subjects, and attracted by the boy and becoming acquainted with his family, many a talk did Abbé Schallmayer have with Frau Heine over the undoubted gifts and the delightful imperfections of her son. It may possibly have been altogether simple interest in his bright young pupil, or perhaps Frau Heine, pretty still, and charming always, was herself an attraction to the school-master, but certain it is, whether a private taste for pretty women or genuine pedagogic enthusiasm prompted his frequent calls, our Abbé was a constant visitor at Samson Heine's, and Harry and Harry's future a never-failing theme for conversation. What was the boy to be? There was no room for much speculation if he were to remain a Jew—that path was narrow, if not straight, and admitted of small range of choice along its level line of commerce.

Betty, we know, was no staunch Jewess, and had her small personal ambitions to boot, so such opposition as there was to the Abbé's plainly given counsel to make a Catholic of the boy, came probably from the stolid, steady going father, to whom custom spoke in echoes resonant enough to deaden the muffled tones of religion. No question of sentiment or sacrifice was permitted to complicate, or elevate, the question; no sense of voluntary renunciation was suggested to the boy; no choice between the life and good, and the death and evil, between conscience and compromise, was presented to him. On the broadly comprehensive grounds that Judaism and trade had been good enough for the father, trade and Judaism must be good enough for the son—the matter was decided. But still before the lad's prospects could be definitively settled, one important personage remained to be consulted, the banker at Hamburg, whose wealth had gained him somewhat of the position of a family fetish. What

Uncle Solomon would say to a scheme had no fictitious value about it; for even were the oracle occasionally dumb, not seldom would its speech be silver and its silence gold. A rich uncle is a very solemn possession in an impecunious family, so Harry and Harry's poetry, and Harry's powers generally, had to be weighed in the Hamburg scales before any standard value could be assigned to either one of them. For three years the balance was held doubtful; the counting-house scales, accurate as they usually were, could hardly adjust themselves to the conditions of an unknown quantity, which "young Heine" on an office stool must certainly have proved to his bewildered relatives. We may imagine him in that correct and cramping atmosphere fretting as he had done in the old convent school days against its weary routine, longing with all the half understood strength of his poet nature for the green hills and the mountain lakes, and feeling absolutely stifled with all the solemn interest shown over sordid matters. He tells us himself of some of his "calculations" which would wander far afield, and leave the figures on his paper to concern themselves with the far more perplexing units which passed the murky office windows, as he complains, "at the same hour, with the same mien, making the same motions, like the puppets in a town house clock — reckoning, reckoning always on the basis, twice two are four. Frightful should it ever suddenly occur to one of these people that twice two are properly five, and that he therefore had miscalculated his whole life and squandered it all away in a ghastly error"! Many a poem too, sorrowful or fantastic, as the mood took him, was scribbled in office hours, and very probably on office paper, thence to find a temporary home in the Hamburg *Watchman*. What could be done with such a lad? By every office standard he must inevitably have been found wanting, and one even feels a sort of sympathy with the prosaic head of the house who had made his money by the exercise of such very

different talents, and whose notions of poetry corresponded very nearly with Corporal Bunting's notion of love, that it's by no means "the great thing in life boys and girls want to make it out to be—that one does not eat it, nor drink it, and as for the rest, why it's bother." It always was "bother" to the banker: all through his prosperous life this poet nephew of his, who had the prophetic impertinence to tell the old man once that he owed him some gratitude for being born his uncle, and for bearing his name, was an unsatisfactory riddle. Original genius of the sort which could create a bank-book *ex nihilo*, the millionaire could have appreciated, but originality which ran into such unproductive channels as poetry-book making was quite beyond him, and that he never read the young man's verses it is needless to say. Even in his own immediate family poor Harry found no audience, save his mother, for his first book, and to the very end of his days Solomon Heine for the life of him could see nothing in this nephew but a *dumme Junge*, who never "got on," and who made a jest of most things, even of his wealthy and respectable relatives. It was scarcely the old man's fault; it is a law in optics that one can only see to the limits of one's vision, and a poet's soul was not well within his range. According to his lights he was not ungenerous. That Harry had not the making of a clerk in him, those three probationary years had proved to demonstration, and in the determination at which the banker presently arrived, of giving those indefinite talents which he only understood enough to doubt, a chance of development by paying for a three years' university course at Bonn, he seems to have come fully up to any reasonable ideal of a rich uncle. It is just possible that a secondary motive influenced his generosity, for Harry, besides scribbling, had found a relief from office work by falling in love with one of his cousins who would seem not to have shared the family distaste for poetry. The little idyl was of course out of the



question in so realistic a circle, and the young lady, to do her justice, seems herself to have been speedily reconverted to the proper principles in which she had been trained. No unfit pendant to the "Amy, shallow-hearted" with whom a more recent generation is more familiar, this Cousin Amy of poor Heine's married and "kept her carriage" with all due despatch, whilst he, at college, was essaying to mend his "heart broken in two" with all the styptics which are as old and, alas, as hurtful as such fractures. Poetical exaggeration notwithstanding—and besides her own especial love-elegy, Amalie Heine, under thin disguises, is the heroine of very many of the love poems—there is little room for doubt, that if not so seriously injured as he thought, Heine's heart did nevertheless receive a wound, which ached for many and many a long day, from this girl's weak or wilful inconstancy. Heartache is, however, nearly as much a matter-of-course episode in most young people's lives as measles, and the consequences of either malady are seldom lastingly serious.

Heine's youthful disappointment is of chief interest as having indirectly led to what was really the determining event of his life. When Amalie's parents shrewdly determined on separation as the best course to be pursued with the cousins, and the university plan had been accepted by Harry, the future, which was to date from degree taking, came on for discussion. Except in an "other-worldly" sense there was, in truth, but a very limited "future" possible to Jews of talent. The only open profession was that of medicine, and for that, like the son of Moses Mendelssohn, young Heine had a positive distaste. Commerce, that first and final resource of the race, which had had to satisfy Joseph Mendelssohn, like a good many others equally ill-fitted for it, was not possible to Heine, for he had sufficiently shown, not only dislike, but positive incapacity for business routine. The law suggested itself, as affording an excellent arena for those ready

powers of argument and repartee which in the family circle were occasionally embarrassing, and the profession of an advocate, with the vague "opportunities" it included, when pressed upon young Heine, was not unalluring to him. The immediate future was probably what most occupied his thoughts; the freedom of a university life, the flowing river in place of those bustling streets, shelves full of books exchanged for those dreary office ledgers, youthful comrades in the stead of solemnly irritated old clerks. Whether the fact that conversion was a condition of most of the delights, an inevitable preliminary of all the benefits of that visionary future; whether the grim truth that "a certificate of baptism was a necessary card of admission to European culture," was openly debated and defended, or silently and shamefacedly slurred over in these family councils, does not appear. No record remains to us but the facts that the young student successfully passed his examination in May, 1825; that he was admitted to his degree on July 20, and that between these two dates—to be precise, on the 28th of June—he was baptised as a Protestant with two clergymen for his sponsors. "Lest I be poor and deny thee" was Agur's prayer, and a wise one; for shivering Poverty, clutching at the drapery of Desire, makes unto herself many a fine, mean, flimsy garment. With no gleam of conviction to cast a flickering halo of enthusiasm over the act, and with no shadow of overwhelming circumstance to somewhat veil it, Heine made his deliberate surrender of conscience to expediency. It was full-grown apostasy, neither conscientious conversion, nor childish drifting into another faith. "No man's soul is alone," Ruskin tells us in his uncompromising way, "Laocoon or Tobit, the serpent has it by the heart or the angel by the hand." For the rest of his life Heine was in the grip of the serpent, and that, it seems to us, was the secret of his perpetual unrest. Maimed lives are common



enough; blind or deaf, or minus a leg or an arm, or plus innumerable bruises, one yet goes on living, and with the help of time and philosophy sorrow of most sorts grows bearable. Hearts are tough; but the soul is more sensitive to injuries, is, to many of us, the veritable, vulnerable *tendo Achillis* on which our mothers lay their tender, detaining, unavailing hands. Heine sold his soul, and that he never received the price must have perpetually renewed the memory of the bargain. He, one of the "body guards of Jehovah," had suffered himself to be bribed from his post. He never lost the sickening sense of his humiliation; it may be read between the lines, alike of the most brilliant of his prose, of the most tender of his poems, of the most mocking of his often quoted jests.

"They have told thee a-many stories,  
And much complaint have made;  
And yet my heart's true anguish  
That never have they said.

"They shook their heads protesting,  
They made a great to-do;  
They called me a wicked fellow,  
And thou believedst it true.

"And yet the worst of all things,  
Of that they were not aware,  
The darkest and the saddest,  
That in my heart I bear."<sup>1</sup>

And it was a burden he never laid down; it embittered his relationships and jeopardised his friendships, and set him at variance with himself. "I get up in the night and look in the glass and curse myself," we find him writing to one of his old Jewish fellow-workers in the New Jerusalem movement (Moser), or checking himself in the course of a violent tirade against converts in which Börne had joined, to bitterly exclaim, "It is ill talking of ropes in the house of one who has been hanged." Wherever he treats of Jewish subjects, and the theme seems always to have had for him the fascination which is said to tempt sinners to revisit the scene of their sins, we seem to read remorse

between the melodious, mocking lines. Now it is Moses Lump who is laughed at in half tones of envy for his ignorant unbarterable belief in the virtue of unsnuffed candles; now it is Jehudah Halevi, whose love for the mistress, the *Herzensdame*, "whose name was Jerusalem," is sung with a sympathy and an intensity impossible to one who had not felt a like passion, and was not bitterly conscious of having forfeited the right to avow it. The sense of his moral mercenary suicide, in truth, rarely left him, and his nature was too conscientious for the strain thus set upon it; his "wickedness" and "black-guardism," such as they were, were often but passionate efforts to throw his old man of the sea, his heavy burden of self-reproach, and his jests were not unseldom so many untranslatable cries. His confessions are written evidences of recantation, through an ordeal which lasted some thirty years. He had bargained away his birthright for the hope of a mess of pottage, and the evil taste of the base contract clung to his poor paralysed lips when "even kissing had no effect upon them." And but a thin, unsatisfying, and terribly intermittent "mess," too, it proved at the best, and the share in it which his uncle, and his uncle's heirs, provided was very bitter in the eating. The story of his struggles, are they not written in the chronicles of the immortals? and his "monument," is it not standing yet "in the new stone premises of his publishers?"<sup>2</sup> His biographers—his niece, the Princessa della Rocca, among the latest—have made every incident of Heine's life as familiar as his own books have made his genius to English readers, and Mr. Stigand, following Herr Strodtman, has given us an exhaustive record of the poet's life at home and in exile; in the Germany which was so harsh and in the

<sup>2</sup> Messrs. Campe and Hoffmann erected their new offices during the publication (not too well paid) of the poet's works.

<sup>1</sup> The translation is by Miss Amy Levy.  
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France which was so tender with him ; with the respectable German relatives, who read his books at last and were none the wiser, and with the unlettered French wife, who could not read a single word of them all, and who yet understood her poet by virtue of the love which passeth understanding, and was in this case entirely independent of it. This sketch trenches on no such well-filled ground ; it presumes to touch only on the sin which gave to life and genius both that odd pathetic twist, and to glance at the suffering, which, if there be any saving power in anguish, might surely be held by the most self-righteous as some atonement for the "blackguardism."

" Oh ! not little when pain  
Is most quelling, and man  
Easily quelled, and the fine  
Temper of genius so soon  
Thrills at each smart, is the praise  
Not to have yielded to pain."<sup>1</sup>

Seven years on the rack is no small test of the heroic temperament ; to lie sick and solitary, stretched on a "mattress grave," the back bent and twisted, the legs paralysed, the hands powerless, and with the senses of sight and taste fast failing. At any time within that seven years he might well have gained the gold medal in capability of suffering for which, in his whimsical way, he talked of competing should such a prize be offered at the Paris Exhibition (of 1855). And the long days, with "no pleasure in them," were so drearily many ; the silver cord was so slowly loosed, the golden bowl seemed broken on the wheel. His very friends grew tired. "One must love one's friends with all their failings, but it is a great failing to be ill," says Madame Sevigné, and as the years went by more and more deserted grew the sick chamber. He never complained ; his sweet, ungrudging nature found excuses for their desertion and content in his loneliness, in the reflection that he was in truth unconscionably long a-dying. "Never have I seen," says Lady Duff-Gordon,

in her *Recollections of Heine*, and she herself was no mean exemplar of bravely borne pain, "never have I seen a man bear such horrible pain and misery in so perfectly unaffected a manner. He neither paraded his anguish, nor tried to conceal it, or to put on any stoical airs. He was pleased to see tears in my eyes, and then at once set to work to make me laugh heartily, which pleased him just as much." "Don't tell my wife," he exclaims one day when a paroxysm that should have been fatal was not, and the doctor expressed what he meant for a reassuring belief, that it would not hasten the end. "Don't tell my wife" — we seem to hear that sad little jest, so infinitely sadder than a moan, and our own eyes moisten. Perfectly upright geniuses, when suffering from dyspepsia, have not always shown as much consideration for their perfectly proper wives as does this "blackguard" Heine, under torture, for his. It is conceivable that under exceptional circumstances a man may contrive to be a hero to his valet, but, unless he be truly heroic, he will not be able to keep up the character to his wife. Heine managed both. Madame Heine is still living, and one may not say much of a love that was truly strong as death and that the many waters of affliction could not quench. But the valet test, we may hint, was fulfilled, for the old servant who helped to tend him in that terrible illness lives still with Madame Heine, and cries "for company" when the widow's talk falls, as it falls often, on the days of her youth and her "*pauvre Henri*." There are traditional records in plenty of his cheerful courage, his patient unselfishness, his unfailing endurance of well-nigh unendurable pain. "*Dieu me pardonnera, c'est son métier*," the dying lips part to say, still with that sweet, inseparable smile playing about them. Shall man be more just than God ? Shall we leave to Him for ever the monopoly of His *métier* ?

<sup>1</sup> Matthew Arnold, *Heinrich Heine*.

## ON HISTORY AGAIN:

AN ADDRESS DELIVERED BEFORE THE HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF BIRMINGHAM.

ON what subject shall I address you? If I had no purpose but to gratify you, if I but asked myself how I might make the hour pass most agreeably, I should look for some new topic, and avoid, as already sufficiently treated, the subject I chose for my address last year. We students of history may assuredly boast that no pursuit affords such a variety of interesting topics; how easy it would be for me to find novelty if I sought it! I might choose some interesting passage of history and endeavour to treat it so, with so much gravity on the one hand, and with such delicate touches of imagination on the other, that you might thank me for a rare intellectual treat. I say I might endeavour to do this. If the skill should fail me I might securely calculate that your own love for history, which has led you to establish this society, and your good-will to me, which has led you to choose me a second time for its president, would in a great degree supply the deficiency. But I am not here to give you pleasure, and I believe you did not invite me here that I might give you pleasure. The study of history is indeed delightful, but in my opinion it is at the same time so important, so momentously and anxiously important, that I almost cease to find delight in it, and am inclined to envy those who lived when history could be regarded as a fairyland in which poets might wander, a quarry out of which *Waverley Novels* and *Lays of Ancient Rome* might be hewn. I think too that you must enter into this feeling, since after hearing me last year<sup>1</sup> hold

<sup>1</sup> See "A Historical Society" in *Macmillan* for November, 1881.

this somewhat austere language, you did not, as I confess I thought you would, decide that one such address was enough, but have applied to me for another. I told you then that delightful history was almost another name for untrue history, and that the practice of reading history for mere pleasure, which has been indulged without restraint in the modern periods, has ended within those periods in destroying history, so that actually an impression has become current that recent times lie in some way outside history, and for some reason are not worth studying. I said that your society would have the function of making history a serious study, which, alas! implies, it cannot be denied, diminishing somewhat its delightfulness, its poetical charm. You, however, were not discouraged; you recognised that your society had a serious object, that your meetings are not held simply that you may pass agreeable hours. And in asking me to address you again you must have resolved to face this austere theory a second time.

I take courage, therefore, to go back to the old topic, not the most delightful, but in my opinion by far the most important topic which I can choose. It is all-important just at this moment when you are entering upon a new path, in which probably many other great towns will before long follow you, that you should avoid the wrong turning. Instead of an earnest, painstaking, self-denying pursuit of truth, it is open to you to treat the study of history as a refined pleasure, a high intellectual enjoyment. In short, you have now to decide the all-important

question whether you will regard history as a scientific or as a literary pursuit. History is now an old subject, and undeniably for some two thousand years it has been reckoned under the head of literature. Historians have been placed by the side of poets, and have been praised almost in the same words and for the same merits—for eloquence, imagination, sublimity, pathos. They have seldom been reckoned among men of science. Some scientific qualities, no doubt, research, accuracy, impartiality, have been expected from them, but such qualities have added but little to their fame, for their fame has been popular rather than scientific. The historian has been vaguely wondered at for knowing a great deal, for having stored up a prodigious number of facts. He is often supposed to be necessarily a man of remarkable power of memory. Thus we repeat with admiration that Macaulay said "Any fool could repeat his Archbishops of Canterbury backwards," and abroad they tell of Johannes Müller, the great historian of Switzerland, that he was called upon by some people who had a wager on the result to repeat off-hand the whole list of the Counts of Bugey, with the date of the accession of each, and that he did it without hesitation, only chafing very much to find that in the case of one count he could not recollect whether he succeeded on his father's death or had been associated by his father in the government. Such wonderful tales show that we think of the historian as being a person of mysterious knowledge; but this knowledge we do not conceive as simple science, but some wonderful personal endowment, a kind of witchcraft. All this, however, we regard from a distance; whatever the historian may be in himself, in his relation to the public he is a literary man; he is a writer who can relate in a rich and fascinating style the fine things that have happened in past times. So it

has always been; and therefore when I come forward and say that such a view belongs to the infancy of historical method, and that for the future the historian must be as unlike this as the modern philosopher is unlike Thomas Aquinas, I utter, no doubt, a hard saying; I cannot expect to produce conviction at once; I must return again and again to the subject.

Now, in my last address, I was mainly occupied in showing that the mistake, as I consider it, is really made, especially in the history of recent periods, because in that department there has been no organisation, and the supply of history has been regulated solely by the unintelligent popular demand. I did, indeed, at the same time make some estimate of the evil consequences resulting from such inadequate treatment of an important subject, but this I did but slightly and summarily. I avail myself, therefore, gladly of this second opportunity you offer me. Goethe remarks how convenient it would be if in human life we were allowed to do everything twice over. He means, no doubt, that we might correct our mistakes, as it were, in a second edition. I, too, find it convenient that I am allowed to deliver the presidential address twice over; but not because I wish to unsay or to qualify anything; it is because in going over the ground again I may put myself at a different point of view, and bring into the front of the scene what was left before in the background. My subject, then, to-day, will be the practical effect of the two rival methods of treating history—the literary and the scientific method.

Though I treated this question but summarily last year, yet I imagine I laid down a proposition which could not easily be misunderstood, and which, if true, was weighty enough. I affirmed that all politics depend upon history. Let me start then again from this principle. It is a paradox,

no doubt, to those who repeat the word "history" without defining it. 'What! history tells us about Greece and Rome, and other curious places which were important two thousand years ago, or about William the Conqueror and Richard Cœur-de-Lion, about wars and tyrants, and the strange things that happened when the world was half barbarous. What can all this have to do with politics? And what better plan could a man adopt for confusing his judgment and disqualifying himself for sober practical affairs than to fill his head with such old-world stories?' Such are the notions of history which prevail naturally under the literary treatment of it. It is supposed to be romantic, and concerned only with remote times, because literary historians for the success of their books choose romantic subjects, and dress them in poetical diction, and affect remote periods in which they can escape from political controversy. All such objections fall to the ground at once if we lay it down that history is simply the mass of facts that can be collected concerning the actual existence and development of the organism called the state, that accordingly it deals with the recent and the present just as much as with the past, and that it has no predilection whatever for what is romantic or unusual—this being a perversion which has been introduced through the literary treatment of it—but seeks those facts from which important inferences concerning the life of states can be drawn. This being laid down, the connexion between history and politics becomes immediately apparent. Once conceive that states may be studied in this comprehensive and inductive manner, you at once see that such study may be the proper basis of all statesmanship and politics. You see that the divorce which now separates history from politics may be the effect of a particular perverse mode of treating history.

History then, so considered, is no

mere agreeable recreation, but of all studies the most practical and the most important. All that we call in the largest sense politics, all great affairs affecting large numbers of people, depend upon it. When we attempt to deny this, when we say that the kind of knowledge needed in public affairs is practical rather than bookish, when we point to successful statesmen who have despised history, all we prove is that history has been so badly studied, so badly organised, that the substitute for history a shrewd man may provide for himself was practically better than the history taught in schools. In like manner, so long as medicine is in its infancy, the empiric may be a better doctor than the regular practitioner. What passed for history until a very recent time, could be of no practical use. Its facts were untrustworthy, its generalisations rhetorical and not serious. In these circumstances the practical man might wisely neglect it. But even then he only disregarded what was known technically as history; the real thing he did not and could not dispense with. Out of Blue Books and such statistics as he could come at, out of conversation with older statesmen, he made up for himself a fund of knowledge which, though perhaps he did not know it, was history—history not reaching back far, fragmentary and unsatisfactory, but yet considerably better than what in those days passed for history in the schools.

Perhaps few of us realise how great is the change which has taken place of late years in history, or how great are the results which must shortly follow from that change. We hear, indeed, of great activity in historical research, new documents consulted, new views of men and periods coming into fashion; but does it occur to us that all this activity, all this progress, must some day give history, as such, a position and an influence in practical affairs that it has never yet



enjoyed? Theoretically, I suppose, we shall all admit that history ought to be the guide and oracle of public affairs. If we had before us a clear record of the past, if all the tendencies had been accurately traced, all the forces measured, we should have the best possible indicator to guide us onward into the future. Hitherto all this has been purely theoretical. We have had no such clear record, but a record so confused and false that scarcely any use could be made of it. We have therefore accustomed ourselves to other guidance, we have fallen back upon mere custom or else upon *à priori* principles, such as in all other subjects we have long ago recognised to be untrustworthy. But in the meanwhile historical method has been improved and reformed. We have now before us a mass of historical facts on which it is worth while to found generalisations. How different was it when Locke or Montesquieu tried to speculate upon political science! They could scarcely adduce a fact which does not now appear utterly worthless, legendary, or else misunderstood. It is quite otherwise now; and so now it is worth while to call to mind again that history after all, if only history can be made to speak clearly, has the secret we want to learn. After all in politics as in other departments, principles ought to be grounded upon observation abundant and accurate; they can in fact be safely grounded upon nothing else; so that the politician who tells me he cares nothing for history, merely means that he cares nothing for remote history, or that he distrusts the history he finds in books, and prefers the history he can discover for himself.

And now, then, if history is a study so momentous, if such great issues hang upon it, I ask you, Ought history to be studied in the literary or the scientific manner? Hitherto the historian has held an uncertain position on the boundary line between literature and science. In which province shall he take up his definitive place?

This is as much as to ask whether the political truths which we hope to discover by means of history are truths which lie at all out of the way, are at all difficult to be discovered, or such as will at all surprise us when they are discovered. There is no use in making a parade of scientific exactness if nothing important is to come of it. The literary method will be quite sufficient if there is really nothing beyond the lists of kings, the wars and treaties, the parliaments and legislation, which strike the eye first in history, if beyond all this we do not look for any generalisations, any discoveries analogous to those which have been made by the students of plants and animals. If this is all, then let us of course be exact, let us verify our dates with care, let us consult original documents faithfully, and weigh evidence scrupulously. But in that case it would be absurd to lay much stress upon accuracy; it would be mere pedantry to insist upon minute details. In that case, perhaps, the best course would be to class the subject under the head of literature, and the best history would be the history written in the most glowing, imaginative, and popular style.

In that case, history would come quite close in the classification of subjects to a subject with which it is often compared and sometimes confounded, biography. Biographies too ought to be accurate, but after all not much depends upon their minute accuracy, as we do not mean to found generalisations upon them. Accordingly, though we blame a biography if it is inaccurate, we do not greatly praise it for being simply accurate; we praise it for warmth, vividness, insight into character. Just so the literary school of historians regard history, which they conceive as "the essence of innumerable biographies." They collect facts, not as inductive philosophers, not that they may found general propositions upon them, but as artists, that they may produce an effect by means of



them. They do so because they do not believe that any system of new important truth is to be discovered through history. According to them there is no doubt a kind of wisdom to be gained from history, a certain knowledge of human nature, but it is a wisdom which can never develop into science, but begins and ends in weighty aphorisms, useful maxims like those of Bacon or Macchiavelli. Tacitus is the idol of this school. They set no bounds to their admiration for his artful turns of expression, his pregnant sentences, his graphic pictures, and the solemn effective pose of the historian himself. And yet if there are really problems to be solved by history, and you go to Tacitus for a solution of the momentous problems which his age presents, you may find him perhaps not only a great genius, but even as satisfactory a historian as could be expected in the time and place, but by no means a model such as ought to be imitated now. You find that you cannot trust his facts, that he has related what is effective rather than what is true; as to his famous reflections, you find that they would be more instructive if they were less elaborately pregnant, and that they ought to have taken the form of full and carefully supported explanations, instead of being conveyed in oracular hints.

Thus the literary school of history starts from a postulate that the historian has nothing particular to discover, and may, therefore, devote himself to elegant narration. It postulates, therefore, the exact opposite of that fundamental proposition which I laid down above. It does not for a moment imagine that politics depend upon history, that what we believe in politics would be found, if examined, to rest upon evidence which, good or bad, is historical in its nature. On the contrary, it habitually assumes that we come to history with a political system ready made, a system established independently, and not to be modified by anything which history may reveal. I

may take Tacitus as an illustration here too. There runs through his writings a tacit assumption that the senatorian view of the imperial system of Rome is of course just. This view is not advocated, facts are not expressly adduced to prove it, but it is assumed throughout as if it were established by some evidence higher and stronger than that of history. So it is at the present day in the majority of historical works. They assume a political system which is supposed to have been proved elsewhere, and not mainly by historical, but by some higher *à priori* demonstration. Now, if this is so, if we have political truth, and are in full enjoyment of it before we begin our historical studies, then we may be well contented with the literary method, and need not be at the pains to apply the scientific. The literary method is no doubt more agreeable, and if little depends on history, if we may make mistakes in history without fear of any serious practical consequences, why! by all means let us indulge ourselves. It is only when we regard history as the basis of political science, and therefore the basis of the whole political fabric, that we feel strongly the necessity of making it as solid as it can be made by the most rigid scientific method.

You must see by this time why I attach so much importance to these questions of method and ultimate purpose in history. There are many secondary reasons, all worth considering, why history should be studied. You have been partly influenced no doubt by such secondary reasons in founding this society. What more natural than that we should wish to know accurately the notable deeds that have been done, the notable persons that have lived in our country, or perhaps in our neighbourhood! Nay more, you have perhaps gone so far as to hold that historical studies may occasionally throw some light upon the political questions agitated among us at the present day; for after all are not the present and the past intimately connected together? But I want you

to lay it down without any limitation, that all the political opinions you hold, rest, whether you know it or not, upon history; and that all historical study, whether you intend it or not, leads up to a system of political truth; and therefore that in this Society, if it goes to work with proper thoroughness and comprehensiveness, you will review and reconsider, and try to put on a proper scientific basis, all that you have ever thought on the subject of society and the state.

What are these curious groups to which, all alike, we find ourselves attached, these aggregations of men which we call sometimes nations, sometimes, as if it were necessarily the same thing, states? The affairs, the interests of these aggregations occupy us more and more intensely than almost anything else. We grow excited and inflamed about them, sometimes we sacrifice property, and even life, for them. We also think about them, discuss them, and write books about them with an eagerness which scarcely any other subject can arouse in us. It might seem therefore likely *à priori* that the laws which govern this singular class of phenomena would have been studied earlier and laid down more completely than any other laws. And indeed, speculations on the republic, on politics, were published very early, and the subject has never ceased to interest philosophers. But yet, strange to say! no theory of the subject has ever been generally accepted. A great many detached observations have been made, a vast mass of truth has been collected, and something has been done in arranging it, but no steady progress is made. Though no one doubts the sovereign importance of the subject to every individual, nor its close connexion with the duties and interests of each individual, yet the subject is actually not to be found in the curriculum of education at all. I suppose no one here present was ever at school taken through a course of politics:

As we have never learnt this sub-

ject, how is it that we all know it so well and are such perfect masters of it? For in this respect there is scarcely any difference among us. In these modern days knowledge has accumulated so much, and at the same time we have grown so critical in respect of accuracy, that almost every man feels in general the necessity of specialising; no one now professes to know more than two or three subjects; beyond these he may be interested, he may be curious, but he does not know, he cannot presume to have an opinion. Politics however we all know, and all equally well. Yet not only have we never learnt it, but perhaps, if we reflect, we shall find, at least very many of us, that it is actually the only important subject on which we have never read any systematic and tolerably modern treatise.

Suppose now that some day the idea should occur to us that as we take so intense an interest in politics, and as we are always talking about them, we might as well also study them—by studying them of course I mean not merely collecting information about particular questions, but trying to rise from particular facts to general principles as we do in other departments of study;—suppose this idea should occur to us, how should we set about realising it? Should we with our present habits of thought and scientific investigation imagine that we could lay down such general principles *à priori*? It would not surely occur to us as it did to the first speculators in political science, to begin by assuming some object for which all states must necessarily exist, and to proceed in the next place to try existing states by this ideal standard. Just as little, I suppose, should we think of embarking on the quest of a perfect state. We know now by much experience that those are false scents, that those paths lead not to solid, but to fantastic, knowledge. We should certainly feel at the outset the want of a large collection of facts; next when such facts

were collected we should proceed to sort and classify them. These tasks, though only preliminary, would be by no means light or soon despatched, for the collection of facts means the rejection of fables, and that demands much criticism; and classification too, we know by this time, has its difficulties and dangers. But not till these preliminary tasks, considerable in themselves, were far advanced, should we think it safe to generalise, and then only gradually, tentatively.

Now what is the phenomenon which the student of politics examines? It is the phenomenon called the state. And the facts of which he makes a collection are facts about the state. A collection of facts about the state! That seems a very roundabout expression of an extremely familiar idea. A collection of facts about the state is neither more nor less than history.

In this way history is put in relation to a great and all-important object. It ceases to be a mass of facts collected for mere curiosity, and becomes a scientific collection intended to form the basis, first of a classification, and then of an analysis, of the grand human phenomenon called the state. But we have to struggle in this subject against a difficulty which is peculiar to it. States are phenomena which cannot be brought into direct view, and the facts about them are hidden under misrepresentation, ceremonial disguise, official phraseology, to such an extent that the preliminary task of accurate scientific description is far more difficult than in the case of any merely physical phenomenon. For this reason, and also because states were interesting to the multitude, and therefore attractive to literary men, history has loitered by the way, partly fatigued, partly tempted aside; it has forgotten the object with which it set out, and now fancies that it narrates for the sake of narration, that it has only to tell a story, and that it attains its end whenever it wins the applause of the audience. Hence it ceases to draw conclusions and ceases also

to select its facts with a view to conclusions; it begins to look for what is amusing or impressive, rather than what is important; and ends by sinking into a kind of true romance.

But while history lost sight of its object, which is politics, political science also necessarily lost sight of its method, which is history. The conduct of public affairs was urgently important, and could not wait while a satisfactory theory of public affairs was elaborated. Men followed such lights as they had, used such natural insight, and adopted such methods, as were within their reach. They still—and very wisely—depend mainly on these. Still as always they are very jealous of admitting theoretical notions into practical politics, for they always felt that to have no theory was practically better than to have a wrong or unsound theory, and an instinct taught them that political theory was not yet advanced to the stage in which it could be entrusted with the control of practical affairs.

Meanwhile, however, the need of general principles in politics is much more strongly felt than it used to be. We hear now a great deal about such principles; men parade their creeds, their opinions in politics, almost as much as in religion. Where they used to appeal only to custom or ancient right, they appeal now to first principles which are supposed to have been established in the gradual progress of enlightenment, and to form the recognised system of civilisation. But whence are these principles derived? According to us the only sound basis for them is a science of states solidly grounded in a great induction of facts, which induction is neither more nor less than history. But no; history has taken, under the influence of the old ideas, a fixed form. It wears the appearance of a mere narrative; it scarcely professes to establish any general principles; and so it does not readily occur to us, when we begin our quest for political principles, to look *there* for them.

It is the proper moment, when a Historical Society is founded, to dig down into these hidden roots of things. Your Society is sure to do good work, but it will scarcely do great or memorable work unless it thinks as well as investigates, unless it has an ideal, unless it often pauses in the midst of its special researches to ask why it exists, and towards what goal it is travelling. I show you such an object when I point out to you that this is an age which demands principles in politics, that such principles can only be deduced from history, that from history, scarcely perhaps as it now is, but as it might be if it took a serious and comprehensive view of its function, they might be deduced; but that if we put history on one side, and try to establish principles on some other basis, we shall make the very mistake which in other departments has retarded science for so long a time.

What other basis can we lay? The state is a very singular and complex phenomenon. Can we hope to understand it so as to guide it safely without the help of careful, unprejudiced, exact observation of facts? Can we think that it will be enough to observe only the particular state with which ourselves are concerned? Must we not compare it with other states, inquire whether there are laws of political development, because if so, measures which are salutary at one stage of growth may chance to be mischievous when applied at another? Must we not inquire into the relations which subsist between the state and the race in which it springs up, or the physical conditions which surround it, since otherwise we may find ourselves adopting, as if they were absolute, rules and measures which are only good relatively, which are not good for states as such, but only for states in certain circumstances.

The mistake of regarding what is only relative as absolute and that of overlooking development and supposing things to be much more fixed than they are, have been made so

often and have been so often detected that it might seem incredible that we should still commit them, and in a subject so important as politics. Can it be that any people really exist who take the dogmatic absolute view that I have described? It is, indeed, not easy to say what are the fundamental principles upon which we act in politics, for there is no subject which is so seldom or so slightly discussed among us. We have a peculiar skill in avoiding it by keeping all discussion within the sphere of the facts immediately at issue; the principles we always take for granted, either not mentioning them at all, or referring to them very slightly, as if they were well known and all educated men were agreed about them. This trick could not be safely practised in a subject the study of which was properly organised; there the specialist would be at hand to expose it; but here it is well known that there are no specialists, and as for the historian, he is safely buried away in some remote period where the sound of living controversy does not reach him. Accordingly it is found a safe proceeding. In our political syllogisms we suppress as much as possible the major premiss, which might often prove very vulnerable if it were injudiciously exposed to view. But it passes muster because attention is carefully diverted away from it, and because the audience is one which does not care much for generalities, but likes better what it would call realities, and infinitely better still, personalities.

But that this spurious *à priori* mode of thinking does really prevail among us appears to me to be shown by that part of our literature which deals with politics somewhat indirectly, and as a subject for imagination, poetry, or literary art. The other day in reading the *Selections from Landor*, by my colleague Professor Colvin, a book for which I feel much obliged to its author, I lighted upon the following sentence:—"In the sphere of politics and government it must be allowed

that he never got much beyond the elementary principles of love of freedom and hatred of tyranny. These principles, we must however remember, he in the Europe of his time saw continually in danger of extinction. On their behalf he felt and wrote as passionately throughout the greater part of a century as during their brief life-days did either Byron or Shelley. But of the complexity of political organisms and political problems Lander had no conception, and practical as he believed and intended much of his writing on politics to be, it is usually so much high-minded declamation and no more." This phrase "high-minded declamation and no more" describes a great deal of brilliant political writing which we have seen since the days when Lander began to write. It is by no means confined to Lander's side of politics. Nay, I suppose it was Burke in his *Reflections on the French Revolution* who first opened the flood-gates for this sort of literature, who first accustomed us to this brilliant, half-poetical way of treating subjects of the gravest practical importance; and after Burke it was for a long time the advocates of the old order of things who found this tone most natural. Wordsworth was a Lander on the other side, a high poetical genius and not a poet only, but a thinker of original and independent views. He, too, wrote both in poetry and prose on politics, and, like Lander, both intended and believed his political writings to be practical. But may we not say of him, too, may we not say in truth of the whole school of literary politicians on both sides and in all European countries, that they have produced a vast quantity of high-minded declamation, but nothing more, that in fact they could produce nothing more? Why so? For the very reason which Professor Colvin gives, viz., that these writers "have no conception of the complexity of political organisms and political problems."

The French Revolution and its con-

sequences turned us into speculators on politics. In our own domestic affairs we had an instinct which taught us caution, but it is easy to be bold in speculation when the interests concerned are not our own. The man who speculates naturally feels himself superior to the man who is afraid to speculate; he has advanced a step further; his mind is more active and richer. We all feel that we have made a progress of this sort since George III.'s reign. On political subjects our grandfathers confined their minds within strict limits, and were contented with a very narrow round of ideas, until gradually at the end of the war our thoughts were widened by the effect of the boundless revolutionary changes which the Continent had witnessed. The expansion had an exhilarating effect; we had more to think about; discussion became more interesting; eloquence had new topics. Politics became, as I said, a matter of literature and poetry, a subject treated in sonnets, romances, and novels. We felt this as a step forward, but as it introduced us to new regions of thought, so it exposed us to new dangers, and imposed on us new obligations.

If you resolve to think on a subject you will want a method of thought, which of course you did not need so long as your mind was passive. When the ship leaves the harbour it must have a chart. That expansion of the political mind of England which I have referred to, was like the passing out of a safe dull harbourage into the open sea. The change is interesting, exhilarating, and it is hopeful too, provided you know where you are bound, and how to navigate the ship. But when we read the political writings I have mentioned—writings representing, we may suppose, the more general views of the community which read and admired them—and find that they consist of "high-minded declamation and no more," and betray a total ignorance of "the complexity of political organisms," the misgiving



may arise in our minds that this knowledge is precisely what fails us.

Now we cannot, if we would, put back into port, but another thing we can do, we can study navigation. We can abandon our high-minded declamation; we can examine and try gradually to understand the complex political organism. This is what we have to do. We have to practise once again the old maxim. The mistake we make in our speculative politics is no new one, but the self-same mistake which has retarded the progress of knowledge in other departments—the mistake of laying down sweeping propositions *à priori*, which propositions are then enthusiastically adopted, not because they are true, not because they are solidly established, but because they sound so noble and solemn. Examine the elevated utterances of the literary school of politicians—which school reveals, as it seems to me, those general principles which in ordinary political discussion we are so careful to suppress—and what do you find at the bottom of them? Propositions similar in kind to those by which the old exploded system of physics was supported, such as the proposition that the heavenly bodies must move in circles because the circle is the perfect figure, and is therefore alone appropriate to bodies which being heavenly are perfect and divine. Can we not imagine the sonnet by Wordsworth or the ode by Shelley in which this sublime principle might have been set forth?

But observe these writers again. Not only do you find that they are not aware of the complexity of the political organism, they seem scarcely aware of its existence. They want the fundamental political conception, and here particularly they seem to me to represent faithfully the average of the community. For I notice that the beginner in history, when he takes up a period for study, in like manner does not perceive the organism; and unless his attention is called to it, will never perceive it.

Like these literary politicians he sees nothing but individuals. Famous men, their deeds and their words; remarkable and strange occurrences; such things he looks for. The questions, too, which he discusses, concern the individual; they are not political, but biographical and moral. "Was this man truly great? Was he greater than that man? Was he justified in doing this? Can we excuse him for doing that?" Meanwhile the organism, the wonderful human group, with the law of its union and development, though it is properly the one phenomenon with which both the historian and the politician are concerned, escapes his notice almost entirely.

Do I object to poetry in politics? Would I exclude from them all high and generous sentiment? Do I wish to represent them as so difficult that we are to mistrust all our first warm impressions about them? Not so. But poetry may come too soon, passionate feeling may take possession of the subject so as to shut intelligence out. This subject differs from almost all others in that it has no great scientific authorities, at least none whose generalisations have been universally adopted. Consequently high-minded declamation, if it is allowed here at all, must reign uncontrolled. When poetry deals with physical nature we feel that it may do much good and that it cannot do harm, because the physicist is there to hold it in check; it would be quite otherwise if there were no physicist; in that case poetry left to itself would soon create a mythology. Something like this is what it actually does in politics. A Victor Hugo putting his grandiose fancies into fascinating words and issuing them in the style of an infallible pope to a public which knows of no fixed political principles, becomes a real false prophet, and there are no limits to the mischief he may do. To resist such an influence it is not necessary that each man should be a master of political science. It



is enough that each man should know that political truth exists and can be found, and that there are those who by patient study and examination of facts have made some progress towards finding it. Such knowledge would at once put him at ease and enable him to bear up against the torrent of thundering words and phrases. He would take courage to laugh at the bombast, or, if he had a taste for bombast, he might even be able quietly to enjoy it; for he would have ceased to believe seriously in it or to be alarmed by it. Moreover, in a short time Victor Hugos would cease to appear. Poets would learn modesty on this subject as on others. They would cease to assume pontifical airs, they would recognise that their flashes of insight are no longer a sufficient illumination, and that the function of teaching has passed from them.

Noble sentiment cannot supply the place of just intellectual conceptions. Love of freedom, hatred of tyranny, patriotic spirit, these will not by themselves lead a state, especially a complicated modern state, to well-being any more than love for your child will keep your child in health without attention to the laws of health. What I say of noble sentiment applies equally to just or right sentiment. It is rather the notion of duty than of nobleness that impresses the English mind. We do not pretend to act in a splendid manner, but we desire to do what is right. And so when the *a priori* view of politics passes from the poets to the people it suffers a certain modification. Our literary politicians may think noble sentiment a sufficient guide in public affairs, but the popular view is rather this: "We have only to do what is just and right; surely as long as we do our duty we are safe." That we have to do what is just and right I gladly admit, but will this always be enough? May we flatter ourselves that we can guide safely this English Empire, whose affairs are almost too vast and complicated

for the human understanding, without any study, without any profound thought, simply by remembering the law of duty? Assuredly the law of duty is a great and awful law, but other laws exist which are awful too. Undoubtedly the path of wrongdoing leads after a while to destruction, but it is not the only way to destruction; other paths lead there equally. The path of ignorance leads there, the path of sloth and reckless improvidence leads there; the path of undertaking a task which you have not skill to perform, often leads there. If a man throws himself into deep water without knowing how to swim, it will be in vain for him to say that he does nothing wrong; nay, if he could urge that he had only done his duty, that he meant to save a drowning man, I am afraid it would make no difference—I am afraid he would perish all the same. And what shall be thought of a people which boasts that it controls its own affairs, that its will is sovereign, and when you ask how it means to prepare itself for performing its sovereign functions, since almost all kings, unless you go to very corrupt or back to Merovingian times, have been instructed by tutors carefully chosen, answers that it intends to do what is right, and that it modestly hopes the simple law of duty will be found sufficient?

But is it so easy even to know what is right? Can even this be done in politics without study? I have observed that to express such a doubt is considered almost shocking, and yet I do not see how we can escape from feeling it. In private and personal affairs it is roughly true that instinct will guide us rightly, that if we really wish to do what is right, the very wish will enable us to find out what the right course is. But this is precisely because the affairs are personal, that is, close to us—so that all the facts, and the bearings of the facts, are known and realised by us in the most vivid way. It is quite otherwise when the affairs are not

personal, but remote from us, vaguely known and conceived, and when they are affairs unlike in kind to those of which we have any experience. But such are political affairs. I do not see how a private individual, possessing only the experience of an ordinary private life, can have formed an instinct capable of guiding his conscience without the help of any study in great state questions. Are these questions then such, so plain and simple, that, though of course an evil-intentioned man may perplex them by sophistry, a well-intentioned man is certain to arrive at the same practical conclusion about them as any other well-intentioned man? I have often heard language held which seems to imply as much as this, and, as I said, I have known people shocked when this doctrine was called in question. Many people, therefore, have been shocked lately, but they have not had the consolation of blaming any sceptic for the suggestion, for the tempter in this case was a fact. Mr. Bright and Mr. Gladstone have differed on the moral question involved in the Egyptian War. That surely was an instructive difference of opinion; all the circumstances concur to make it instructive. If we desired to select, for the purpose of testing the question, two men who might represent morality in politics, we should select precisely these two. In order that there might be no possibility of mere carelessness or inattention we should desire that both these men should be in office together, and that the question should be of the gravest importance. We should also desire to be satisfied, if a difference did arise, that it arose on the point of morality, and not on some collateral question of expediency or seasonableness. It is very seldom that history plays the experimentalist as she did on this occasion. She rivalled M. Pasteur in the forethought with which she excluded all causes of error. And it appeared that on the momentous question of the bombardment of Alexandria, Mr.

Gladstone and Mr. Bright, having anxiously studied the question in all its details, and having every desire to agree, were nevertheless constrained to differ, because the one considered that the act in question was a breach of the moral law, and the other considered—let us be careful to state it accurately—the other considered, not that it might be reconciled to the moral law, but that it was his duty as English minister to perform the act—in other words, that not to do the act was a breach of the moral law!

It is not in all circumstances wise to dwell upon these painful moral puzzles. Life would be overwhelming if we did not sometimes stolidly refuse to see and to feel. When we have to act, doubts must be imperiously suppressed—and since we almost always have to act, this suppression of doubt ought even to become a habit. But in scientific inquiry scepticism is in place; here, if we do not begin by being sceptical, the result is that sooner or later we have to begin again. And the very question I wish to propose to you, as a Historical Society, is this, Whether a new departure is not needed in history because we have hitherto not been sceptical enough? You may say: "This new departure has been taken already. Who does not know how far scepticism has of late gone in history—how many long-accredited stories it has pronounced fabulous or thrown doubt on?" True, but such scepticism refers to the facts only; I am thinking of history, not as a mere mass of facts, but as a science of states founded on a mass of facts. The facts have now been carefully sifted, scepticism has done its work here, except in the recent periods. But the science of states, the political principles which ought to have been founded on the facts, but which, in fact, rest upon something quite different, and are introduced by historians as authoritative dogmas by which they interpret or pass judgment on the facts—what

of these? It is here that I think scepticism is wanted. These political principles of ours, they are no doubt the best we could get, at any rate a hundred years ago; no doubt they contain a vast amount of practical truth; no doubt in practice we must cling to them and make the best of them, since in action all scepticism is destructive. But let us not delude ourselves with the belief that they are ultimate discoveries, truths in which the mind can rest, truths which will be accepted a hundred years hence as firmly as they are accepted now. Let us in our leisure hours, when we are not acting, but thinking—let us in our historical societies reconsider them, and try to put them on a firmer basis.

These arguments point to a strictly practical conclusion. I would lay it down as a principle, that in all historical study, and therefore in all historical societies, the word historical ought to be taken in a more comprehensive sense than it has in popular usage. History has been supposed always to deal with facts, or, at least I may say, to rest in facts. Your papers, I take it, have all alike dealt with some actual occurrence or character or period; if they have passed beyond the facts to any general political conclusion they have done so perfunctorily, or if they have looked backward from the facts to questions of method, you have still thought only of the method of authenticating facts. I would have you consider that facts have only the same place in history as in any other inductive science; that is, that they are only to be valued for the conclusions that can be drawn from them, which conclusions must refer to the nature of states. Take just as much pains as may be necessary in authenticating them, and, by the nature of political facts, the authentication of them will always be a ponderous work, so that often you will appear to rest in them and aim at nothing beyond. But do not rest in them, do not consider historical facts

as ends, but as means. What practical difference will this make in your operations? This, that you will have papers of reasoning as well as papers of investigation or narrative. According to this principle it is no less part of your work to classify, combine, and draw conclusions from the facts already established, than it is to discover or authenticate new facts. You ought to welcome papers of speculation on political science, and to pass them as historical, provided they are founded on a basis of history. You ought also to have papers on method; and this word method, too, you ought to take in a comprehensive sense, for you ought to consider not only how facts are to be authenticated, but also, and even more, what facts it is worth while to authenticate, that is, what facts out of the multitude which have been preserved to us are to be considered as properly belonging to history.

I said I was glad that you had given me this second opportunity of addressing you. Indeed what I said to you last year might possibly, if taken by itself, produce a depressing effect. When I insisted upon the danger in history of indulging the popular taste for rhetoric and poetical diction, perhaps some of you might sigh, and answer in your minds, "All very true perhaps, but if such views prevail history will become a mighty dull affair! So imagination is to be bound in fetters, and we are to look hard at reality without making the least attempt at investing it with any poetic charm." You may have thought that because I asserted the charms in which the Muse of history has been accustomed to appear before us to be artificial, meretricious, barbarous, therefore I meant to deprive her of the charm which is natural to her. I hope that I have said to-day what may remove all such misapprehensions. History, as I conceive it, seems to me as much more interesting than history as conceived by word-painters and rhetoricians as that is more interesting than the driest and most jejune

chronicle. I do not strip it of interest, but I clothe it in an interest of a different kind. No, I do not clothe it, I unclothe it; for the beauty of drapery I substitute the beauty of the nude figure. I look at the states which men have formed with eager curiosity, desiring really to find out their nature, origin, and development, whereas your word-painter imagines that he knows all this already. He is irritated by anything like a difficulty, and studiously conceals it in the folds of grandiloquence, whereas the scientific student likes nothing better than to find a difficulty except to clear one up satisfactorily; and when he finds what puzzles him, what he did not expect, what he cannot explain, drags it eagerly to light, dwells upon it, and will not suffer it to be explained away. The word-painter, again, cares nothing for facts in themselves—they seem to him prosaic for the most part; his study therefore is to select a few that may be more poetical, or to twist the others about until they take a quaint, unreal appearance, and to make them glitter with the varnish of diction. But to the scientific student they are infinitely precious just because they are facts; he cares nothing for their form or colour or glitter; rather all this makes him suspicious that they may have been tampered with; for his purpose the all-important thing is that he should see them just as they were and in their true relation, and therefore he is impatient of all ambitious phraseology, and of that grandiloquence which is but the cloud made by truth as it evaporates. But is such a student not interested? and a subject so stripped bare, must it needs not be interesting? Nay, we all surely know by this time that no interest is so absorbing and so enduring as that excited by the real truth of things, by the eternal laws of the universe, when

they dawn upon the investigator through the clouds formed by confused accumulations of fact. It is so in all subjects alike; but when the subject is closely connected with the largest of all practical interests, with the public welfare and with politics—when the subject is history—then it is so in the highest degree.

I say, then, do not think of yourselves as mere collectors of facts, and do not be content even to authenticate facts with rigid criticism, much less to narrate them with vivacity. Think of yourselves as explorers of a great science; select and marshal your facts so that laws may emerge out of them; bring to bear your highest faculties, even if you leave some of your showy ones in abeyance. When I urge you to renounce the literary method I do not bid you descend to the level of the mere dull, diligent chronicler. I want you not to descend, but to climb a loftier eminence. Be discoverers rather than artists; use your imagination, not to heighten reality, but, as the man of science uses it, to frame those conceptions by which facts are held together and vivified. This kind of work is at least as intellectual, at least as interesting as the other, and surely it is far more fruitful. For what comes in the end of all that word-painting? It may give pleasure; but who supposes that the sort of familiarity with historical names and characters which so many have gained, for example, from the *Waverley Novels*, is really valuable, or leads to juster, truer views of the past? On the other hand, the introduction of some degree of scientific certainty into the matter of politics, if it be possible, as I believe it is—can any one question that it would be important? More important, more necessary, it seems to me, than any other work which this generation could undertake.

J. R. SEELEY.